THE FABLES OF ÆSOP.

WITH HIS WHOLE LIFE:

Translated into English Verse, and *Moralliz'd*.

As also Emblematically *Illustrated* with *Pictures*.

By *W. B.*

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To the Readers.

I Am not pufft up with a confident presumption that this my Translation of the Life and Fables of Æsop will give full satisfaction to the expectations of all that may peruse It: For some (I know) will looke for a deeper straine than I have pitch'd upon. But to such I answer: If my Muse had undertaken a more lofty subject, I might perhaps correspondently have fulfilled their desires; but onely now request a mild and favourable censure from them, that as it is the first Birth of my unripe Genius, so they would not rashly discourage her pro-

proceedings; and withall consider that Beasts *are not* Men; *neither do Shadows equallize the exact perfection of what they represent; and so to reflect on this* Translation; *where it was my only aime to couch the matter and language accordingly as they are rendered by our ingenious* Author, *and rather to metamorphose them into Verse than Prose, the first being more agreeable to the illustration of a* Fable; *which though it may carry a seeming verity, is but the similitude of a Truth. Nor have I much digrest, I hope, in giving our* Author *his true meaning, as well in the Originall, as the Moralities; having made choice of the most exact Expositors upon him either way. My desire to you therfore is, that if some few* Fables *may for want of due licking over, appear somwhat rugged you would not rigidly judge alike of all;*

For I dare thus much averre with our Cambro-Britannian *Epigrammatiſt*,

Invenies paucos hic, ut in orbe, bonos.

Some few here good, as in the world, you'l find.

So: that I may avoid prolixity; (and as in the Tranſlation *you ſhall finde my Expreſsions commodiouſly ſhort as I could make them, not to burthen thy patience with a tedious Epiſtle (a thing frequently incident to many Writers) I preſent my Endeavours freely to thy judgement; provided it bee not raſhly cenſorious, but tempered with ſome premeditation, that thou maiſt not inconſideratly impute a ſmall tranſgreſſion (as perhaps ſome have eſcaped me and the Preſſe) to a generall defect: for none ever attained to that height of Perfection, that they were abſolutely free from blemiſh. And this ſuffice.*

Thine, as he finds thee affected,

WILL. BARRET.

TO
His Doubly-conceived Friend,
WILLIAM BARRET,
Vpon his Metricall Translation of
ÆSOPS FABLES.

WHat others may conceive of *This*, or *Thee*,
Nor know I, *Friend*, nor need I much enquire.
The *Worke*'s the *Work-mans* praise. Yet (to speake (free)
Thou hast not only touch'd *Apollo's* Lyre;
But in a strain familiar, short, and sweet,
Warbled such Notes from thy Poetick Quill;
As if old ÆSOP had himselfe thought meet,
Thou shouldst the Quintessentiall part distill
Of his fam'd-witty FABLES; and disclose
In Accents smooth to each judicious Eare,
(Maugre the gritty Censures of thy Foes)
What sense the Latine or the Greek will beare.
Forage then bravely with undaunted brow;
And if the World for this ingratefull prove,

I fa-

I fable not, but clearely thus avow,
They'l show their spight or folly, thou thy love:
While these (sweet rouches) due aplause to win thee,
Expresse more sparkling gems comprised in thee.

M. Rhodes.

To his ingenious Friend VVIL. BARRET,

Upon his Translation of ÆSOP.

'Tis Sin to flatter; Friend, I use it not;
This perfect Worke, thy Genius *hath begot,*
From th' wisest of our Age may gaine a praise;
And stifle Envie that would blast thy Bayes.
If Others shall dislike thy Worke or thee,
Bid them write better, then; this pleaseth mee.

R. H.

To *W. B.* Vpon the Life and Fables of Æsop.

WHo sayes old *Æsop's* dead? Friend, can he die
That's thus enliv'ned by thy *Poesie?*
Or can he in the bowells of dull earth
Forgotten lie? whom thy *Muse* gives new birth?
No! let them view him here: and they, in all
His best of worth translated Musicall,
Shall see him truely live: And if none squint
With bleared eyes, confesse th' hast don't in *Print*,
So well, that each true Scale of judgement must
Averre his meanings rendred here so just,
As if experience could not now controll
Pythag'ras transmigration of the *Soule*;
But, though so many Ages distant bee,
Æsops quick *Genius* is reviv'd in thee.

G. LINDSEY.

To the Exact Translatour of Æsop's *Fables*

W. B.

INgenious Friend, that I thy Worke admire,
To see th' industrious Muse so high aspire,
Springs from this cause; that all like me may know it;
And view a learn'd Philosopher *made* Poet:
Nay, what is more than common Poets *doe;*
Crossing old Proverbs, mak'st His Fables *True.*
Let no detracting tales then blast thy Name;
This Æsop shall immortalize thy Fame.

T. N.

THE LIFE OF ÆSOP.

CHAP. I.

A Description of the Birth, shape and Qualities of ÆSOP.



ÆSOP, a Man of Birth but meane; at first
Was to a slavish bondage long accurst;
Disdain'd by all, and seeming to all eyes
Made up of NATVRES worst Deformities:
Whose Head was great, his Visage black of hue,
Huge rolling Eyes, his Nose beneath them grew

Flat to his Face; his hanging Lips likewiſe,
And yellow Teeth had like deformed ſize;
His Back was crooked, and his Belly large;
His knotty Knees, and bow-Legs could diſcharge
(According to our Proverb) able ſtrength:
His Splayd-feet thick, and of unſeemly length;
His Voice inartificiall; Speech but ſlow.
All which deformed members did foreſhow
Plaine ſervitude: but for his Better Parts,
(Th'Endowments of his mind, and skill in Arts)
Let them that read his works, hereafter, gueſſe;
While I his Lifes whole paſſages expreſſe.

Chap. 2.

Æsop cleares an accuſation falſely layd upon him by his fellow ſervant for eating the Figs.



NOw *Æſop* being drunk, and b'outward ſhew
Not fit for other uſe; to th' Field muſt goe.

Amongſt

Amongſt the dayly Labourers to toyle,
To dig the Earth, and till the fruitfull Soile;
Vntill the gratefull *Harveſt* drawing neere,
Lends her firſt Fruits to th' painfull Labourer;
Which being gathered, to his Maſter he
With gladneſſe them preſents, who joyfully
The ſame accepts, and will's his Servant ſtraight
Nam'd *Agathopus* (who did on him wait)
To keepe them ſafe; but *Agathopus* minde
How to deceive his Maſter, being inclinde,
Thus with his fellow plots: Wee'l eat (quoth he)
The Figgs, and *Æſop* our excuſe ſhall be;
He ſhall ſuſtaine our fault; nor will our Lord
Beliefe to one againſt us two affor'd.
And ſo they both agreed; the Figgs were gone;
Which when the Maſter miſſed (comming home)
Hee calls for *Agathopus*, and demands
The Figgs which were delivered to his hands:
Who anſwer'd; he but laid them downe, and ere
His back was turn'd, from him convey'd they were
By *Æſop's* craft; which (crediting) his Lord
In anger threatens *Æſop*, till implor'd,
And by his piteous ſignes, ſomwhat appeas'd,
Æſop warm water craves, which (drinking) eas'd
His ſtomack well; from whence did nothing flow
Save what downe cleare they ſaw in's belly goe.
Wherat a while they all in doubting ſtand,
Leſt *Æſop* might be wronſt'd; who (out of hand)
Vrging his baſe Accuſers now to taſte
The ſelfe ſame drinke; upon the ground they caſt

The undigeſted Figgs; whereby appear'd
Their guilt, and *Æſops* Accuſation clear'd.
So ſhall all falſe Accuſers (though conceal'd
A while) by their owne plottings be reveal'd:
For Falſhood never ſo ſecurely ſlept,
But Juſtice her Deceits can intercept.

Chap. 3.

How Æsop *was indued with perfect underſtanding and the uſe of his Tongue, by the Goddeſſe* Diana, *for his kinde and affable nature to the two* Prieſts.



NExt day approching early in the Morne,
Æſop againe muſt to the field returne;
Where (hot with labour) to a cooling ſhade
(Which by a goodly ſpreading Beech was made)
He goes to take repoſe; whom drouſie ſleepe
Seizing, his mind in pleaſant dreams did keepe:

Midſt

Midſt which appeares DIANA in a faire
White ſilken Robe, with long diſheveld haire,
Crown'd with a wreath of Lawrell; in her hand
Bearing a long white ſilver tipped wand;
Which waving thus ſhe ſpeaks; *Hence all prophane.*
Let no dull thought of Folly here remaine;
But for thy kindneſſe to our Prieſts, *when thou*
Supply'dſt their wants, and didſt reliefe allow;
Directing them the perfect way to tread
To th' Citie, whom before miſguidance led,
For this thy Hoſpitality, poſſeſſe
Thy Tongue's cleare uſe, and Wiſemens happineſſe;
A braine inſpir'd with wiſdome, which ſhall give
Thy Countrey aid, and make thee truely live.
This ſaid, ſhe vaniſhed; and *Æſop* now,
(Riſing from ſleepe) did the true Nature know
Of every thing, and could his Language frame
To call each Creature by it's proper Name:
And to the Field againe retires; where he
Zenas the Steward ſaw, injuriouſly
Beating the Servants; *Æſop* him reproves
For unjuſt cruelty; which *Zenas* moves
(When he deformed *Æſops* threatnings ſaw)
To feare, leſt he might peradventure draw
His Maſters love from him by juſt complaints,
Which, to prevent, he ſtraight his Lord acquaints
How *Æſop* now could ſpeake, and did upbraid
His Worſhip with foule language; who thus ſaid,
(With anger in his lookes:) *Lo*, Zenas, I
Commit the Villaine to thy cuſtodie:

Take him, and ſell the ſlave; or elſe him loſe;
Or him to any greater harme expoſe,
So he be from my ſight: Thus Innocence
Is oftentimes betray'd, without offence.

CHAP. 4.

ÆSOP *the firſt time ſold.*



WHen *Zenas* by this falſe report had gain'd
His will, and *Æſops* ſervitude obtain'd;
A Merchant which from *Epheſus* repaires,
Himſelfe to furniſh with ſome needfull wares,
And Servants to tranſport them; forrhwith came
To *Zenas* to be furniſht with the ſame:
Who anſwers, hee had no Commodities,
Only a Servant for three-halfe-pence price,
If't pleaſe him he ſhould buy, and *Æſop* have
At ſuch an eaſie rate to bee his Slave:

But

But when the Merchant eyes his ugly forme,
He 'gan reject his Merchandiſe with ſcorne,
Replying thus to *Zenus*, Thinkſt thou I
Came hither ſuch miſhapen Slaves to buy?
And ſo (halfe angry) parted: But at laſt
Æſop unto the Merchant making haſt,
Thus fairely promiſeth; if he would free
And take him from proud *Zenus* ſlavery,
He ſoone ſhould ſee with what obedience ſtill
He would ſubject himſelfe to pleaſe his will;
Nor grudge at any labour hee'd impoſe,
But faithfull prove what way ſo ere he goes:
By which intreaties, witty *Æſop* gain'd
The Merchants love, and his good-will obtain'd.
So, (having bought him for the foreſaid rate)
Tow'rds *Epheſus* he doth conduct him ſtraight,
And 'mongſt his other Servants plac'd him there
To labour, and like heavy burthens beare:
Thus he from *Zenus* yoak (being freed) went
To *Epheſus*, with more then ſmall content.

CHAP. 5.

ÆSOPS wit in chooſing the lighter burthen, which his Fellowes thought to be the heavieſt.



THe Merchant and his Servants all prepare
For *Epheſus*, each one to beare his ſhare
Of ſuch Commodities as hee had bought.
Æſop firſt takes the *bread*, for which they thought
Him but a foole, the heavieſt to chooſe,
Who might have tane the lighteſt, and refuſe
What ever him diſlik'd; but by the way
When at their Innes they for refreſhment ſtay
To reſt and eaſe themſelves, at every meale,
When as their Maſter did to each man deale
His ſhare of bread from *Æſops* Basket, they
Perceiv'd his burthen lighter every day;
And (ere they came to *Epheſus*) to beare
Scarce any weight, when they ſtill loaden were:
Thus Policie oft-times prevaileth, when
Fooles think they have outreached wiſer men.

CHAP.

CHAP. 6.

The ſecond ſale of ÆSOP.



THe Merchant now with his Commodities
Arrives at *Epheſus*, whoſe Merchandize
With profit ſold, excepting his three men,
Æſop and other two, with whom he then
To *Samos* goes, and at a Market there
Sets forth his Men for ſale, who different were
In ſtature, two being of proportion ſtrait,
But *Æſop* crooked; whoſe unſeemly gate
To them appear'd moſt ugly; yet now came
Xanthus a great Philoſopher, whoſe fame
Was through that *Country* ſpred; ſo, viewing theſe,
He ask'd the firſt what he could doe to pleaſe,
His Maſter that ſhould buy him, who replies
All things he can command him, or deviſe,
The which made *Æſop* laugh: to'th' other then
The ſelfe ſame queſtion he propounds agen,

Who

Who gave him the like anſwer; and thereby
Made witty *Æſop* laugh more heartily.
Xanthus demandeth then their price, but found
The value farre beyond their worth abound,
And ſo departs; but *Xanthus* Schollers, well
Perceiving *Æſop* ſtanding there to ſell,
Their Maſter thus beſpake; Sir, pray you buy
That other Slave, whoſe foule deformity
Shall bring us mirth, his price wee'l 'mongſt us pay;
Then *Xanthus* back returnes, and thus did ſay,
Asking of *Æſop* what he was; who gave
His anſwer, he was a deformed Slave:
Quoth *Xanthus*, that I know; but I demand
(If thou my queſtion canſt but underſtand)
From whence thou diddeſt unto *Samos* come?
Æſop replies, Out of my Mothers wombe.
Xanthus againe, nor aske I that of thee;
But from what place, if thou canſt anſwer me?
Quoth *Æſop* then, troth Sir, I doe not know
Where I was borne, above or elſe below,
My Mother never told me; *Xanthus* thus
Deluded, ſaw hee was ingenious.
And now proceeding in his queſtions ſtill,
Demandeth in what Science he had skill?
Who ſayes in nothing: No! qd. *Xanthus* then,
Wherefore? Quoth *Æſop*, the two other men
Can all things doe, as they to you profeſſe,
And have left me no knowledge to poſſeſſe.
The Schollers, hearing *Æſop* anſwer ſo,
Applauded him; for none can all things know.

So

So *Xanthus* now agrees for threescore pence
To buy poore *Æsop*, and conveyes him thence,
Esteeming neretheleſſe the value deare,
Becauſe he did ſo much deform'd appeare:
To whom thus *Æsop*, Wiſe-men will not ſcan
Th'externall ſhape, but the internall man.

Chap. 7.

Æsop *goes home with* Xanthus *to his Wife.*



Æsop becomming *Xanthus* ſervant now,
Muſt to his houſe repaire, and humbly ſhow
His ſervice to his Wife, who long deſir'd,
And of her Husband earneſtly requir'd
That he would buy a ſervant, which ſhould be
In ſhape from all deformed members free,
And luſtie, ſtrait and faire; but when her eyes
Were fixt on *Æsops* foule deformities,

Reader

Reader imagine what an angry looke
A woman darts, whose strong desires can brooke
No foule displeasing object, if her will
Be bent her expectation to fulfill;
And such expect from *Xanthus* wife, who bends
Her browes, and frownes in stead of smiling sends
Against her aged Husband, when she lost
Her will, and of her longing now was crost;
But he (kind man) more willing her to please,
And to a Womans peevishnesse give ease,
First seemes t'excuse, and then his fault deplore,
The which incenst her greater then before:
Whereat gan *Æsop* laugh, with this reply,
I now a grave Philosopher espie
Yeeld conquest to a Woman; which did make
Xanthus his milder humour to forsake,
And (angry) speake to *Æsop*: Slave, you see
For you your Mistris is displeas'd with me;
'Twere best you seeke to please her straight againe;
But *Æsop* answers him, no greater paine
Can you impose, or any mortall finde,
Then to appease an angry Womans mind.

Chap. 8.

Æsop resolves the Gardiner of a question which Zanthus could not.



Xanthus now calls for *Æsop*; he doth strait
Obey, and at his Masters elbow wait;
Who leads him to his Garden, thence to beare
Such herbs as for his practise usefull were.
Esop with's load departs: the Gardiner then
Doth call his Master *Xanthus* backe agen,
And prayes that he his answere would afford
One Question to resolve: He doth accord:
The Gard'ner thus beginnes: unfold (I pray)
How, & from what strange cause proceed it may,
As by experience I have often found,
In herbs all of one kind upon the ground,
That there a difference growes, and those appeare
More fresh, and farre more early blossomes beare,

Which

Which naturally grow, then those that are
Manur'd and dunged with our chiefest care?
By Divine providence, *Xanthus* replies,
From which in them a vertue hidden lies.
But th'answer lik'd not *Æsop*; wherefore he
Thus to his Master; This reply can be
No perfect resolution: but give eare
And I will make the question plaine appeare.
As when a Woman, whose first Husband dies,
And leaves her many Children, once more ties
The Nuptiall knot, and with a man is joyn'd,
Whose Wife deceas'd, as many left behind:
But when together in one house they live,
She to her owne all tender love doth give,
But proves to his a Step-mother; and they
Scarce thrive so well as her owne Children may:
Ev'n so in Nature oftentimes we see
Betwixt two Plants the like Antipathie:
That thrives the best, and makes the fairest shew,
Which Natures selfe manureth, and not you.
Thus *Æsops* witty resolution lent
The Gardiners doubtfull fancie full content.

CHAP.

Chap. 9.

Æsop beares the Preſent, which Xanthus *commands to be delivered to her that lov'd him beſt.*



Xanthus prepares a Banquet, and invites
Friends to participate of ſuch delights;
As for their welcome he provided had;
But his croſſe Wife diſdainfull ſtill and ſad,
Pouts in a corner; nor will preſent be
To welcome his invited Companie:
Seeking to vexe her Husbands humour ſtill:
Yet *Xanthus* ſtriving how to pleaſe her will,
Cuts of the beſt, and *Æſop* thus commands,
That Preſent to deliver to the hands
Of her that lov'd him beſt; who ſeeing well
How much ſhe did in wrath and hate excell,
Towards her Husband, ſtudied now to trie
Her angry paſſions worſt extremitie,

And

And thus relates his meſſage ; here you ſee
(Miſtris) the Preſent was deliver'd me
For her, who moſt reſpect to *Xanthus* ſhowes :
With that, the meat unto a Bitch he throwes :
This with new rage inceníeth *Xanthus* wife,
And ſets her love and anger both at ſtrife,
Which way to take revenge : at laſt reſolv'd
She is, while vengefull thoughts her mind involv'd,
To leave her Husband quite ; and ſo retires
Home to her friends ; but *Xanthus* (whoſe deſires
Her abſence could not brooke) inquires the cauſe,
That ſhe 'gainſt modeſtie and Marriage lawes
Should thus forſake his bed : but when he found
How *Æſop* gave the preſent to his Hound,
And not to's Wife ; inrag'd againſt him thus,
Villaine (quoth he) that ſowſt debate twixt us,
Thy life ſhall anſwer it, unleſſe thou finde
A way t'appeaſe her diſcontented minde,
And call her home againe : but *Æſop* ſaid,
Thou for thy dotage now art well apaid,
For now thou ſeeſt who lov'd thee beſt ; ſince ſhe
Is gone, thy hound abideth ſtill with thee.
Yet *Xanthus* writes, and ſues for her returne,
But his affection ſhe requites with ſcorne,
And while he ſtrives her preſence to regaine ;
The more doth ſhee reject him with diſdaine.
So peeviſh women (might they have their will)
Would uſe their husbands at their pleaſure ſtill.

CHAP.

Chap. 10.

Æsop (by a witty invention) causeth Xanthus *Wife to returne againe.* 10



Xanthvs inraged ſtill no reſt can take,
Since his diſcourteous Wife did him forſake:
Which *Æſop* well perceiving; hee invents
This wile to cure his Maſters diſcontents:
Loaden with Foule and ſuch like coſtly fare,
Which hee ſeemes for a Banquet to prepare,
Againſt his Maſters wedding; doth relate
His errand thus to *Xanthus* Wife: Your hate,
And ſudden parting doth my Maſter move
From you to ſue divorce, and ſeeke the love
Of one that ſhall with him more quiet live,
And not ſuch cauſes of diſſention give;
To morrow is the day: ſo *Æſop* goes,
Leaving his Miſtris boſome full of woes;

Till she 'twixt hope and feare resolves to try
The truth, and home returneth speedily;
And with a mind more humble then before,
With sighs, and teares her Husband doth implore
Her errours to forgive, and she will prove
More mild to him, and constant in her love.
From whence let all men learn what will prevaile
To curb a Shrew, when as intreaties faile.

CHAP. II.

ÆSOP, *commanded to serve the best meat, serveth* Xanthus *at his Table with nothing but tongues.*



XANTHVS intends a Feast, invites home friends,
And therefore *Æsop* to the Market sends
The choicest dishes to provide; but hee
(Still full of craft and witty subtiltie)

Buyes

Buyes nothing elſe but *Tongues*; no other meat
Provided hee at all for them to eat:
The firſt Courſe *Tongues*, and at the ſecond came
No other fare, and at the third the ſame.
Villaine (quoth *Xanthus* then) I bad thee buy
The choyceſt diſhes that thou couldſt eſpie,
And not courſe *Tongues* alone; wherfore did you
Thus croſſe, and not my juſt command'ment doe?
But *Æſop* anſwers; Sir, the *Tongue's* the beſt
Of Diſhes to preſent at any Feaſt;
By that Diſcourſe and Trafficke ſtill is held,
Twixt man and man; by that is right upheld;
What but the *Tongue* unfolds the mind, and gives
A light to Knowledge, by it Learning lives;
And grave Divines our ſtragling thoughts controll
Conducting in the paths of truth the Soule.
When neighbours jarr, the Lawyers fluent *Tongue*
Diſputes the Cauſe, and puniſheth the wrong
By a juſt Sentence, that example may
Inſtruct Offenders, Juſtice to obey.
The hidden Secrets of Philoſophie
By *Tongues* of learned Doctors we deſerie.
A thouſand other benefits beſide
The *Tongue* affords; then can it be deny'd
But that a *Tongue's* the beſt Diſh to prefer
Vpon the Boord of a Philoſopher?

CHAP. 12.

ÆSOP, commanded by Xanthus *to buy the worst of meats for Supper provides Tongues againe.*



THis anſwer pleas'd them all, and *Xanthus* then
Invites them all to ſup with him agen;
Commanding *Æſop* now not to prepare
Such curious Diſhes, and ſuch coſtly fare,
But to ſeeke out the worſt, and that to buy,
Which *Æſop* apprehendeth craftily,
And *Tongues* makes ready ſtill: night drawing nie
The Gueſts to Supper unto *Xanthus* hie;
But find no fare but *Tongues*; wherat they deem'd
Their welcome baſe, and ſome halfe angry ſeem'd:
To whom thus *Æſop*; Sirs, my Maſters will
I never yet was backward to fulfill,
Nor have I done it now; for lo, he ſaid
Goe buy the worſt of meats, and I obeyd.

For

For if abus'd, the *Tongue's* the worſt of all;
That ſowes ſedition, making neighbours fall
At variance twixt themſelves; by that 'tis known
Cities have beene betrayd, Townes overthrowne.
And too too often Children have revil'd
Their aged Parents, Parents curſt the Child.
Beſides, no man more miſchiefe can expreſſe
Than he that doth an evill *Tongue* poſſeſſe.
And thus you ſee the *Tongue's* the worſt and beſt
For mortall uſe, as 'tis in uſage bleſt.

CHAP. 13.

XANTHVS *commandeth* ÆSOP *to ſeeke a man that regarded nothing.* 13



WHen *Xanthus Æſops* cunning did perceive,
How craftily his anſwers he did weave,

To ſave himſelfe from blame; at length doth lay
A taske on him (which *Æſop* muſt obey)
To ſeeke a Man whoſe care was fixt on nought,
That nothing begg'd, no earthly pleaſure ſought,
Save what hee did poſſeſſe: *Æſop* anon
Beholds a luſty Countrey Clowne alone,
Who walking tow'rds him, as the Clown he meets,
Him at firſt ſalutation thus he greets;
Xanthus invites thee home; the Clowne doth need
No greater invitation, but with ſpeed
Along with *Æſop* walkes: when *Xanthus* ſaw
The Clowne approch, and neere unto him draw,
Askes *Æſop* what he was? quoth he, a man
That cares for nothing: *Xanthus* then began
To frowne at *Æſop*; but at length in's mind
Revolving his command; he proves more kind.
Who lovingly now entertaines the Clowne,
And with himſelfe at Table ſets him downe;
Till queſtions paſſing upon either ſide,
When *Xanthus* the Clownes ignorance eſpide,
He ſeemes to chide his Cooke, not having dreſt
The Dinner worthy ſuch a welcome Gueſt:
But the Cooke ſtudying himſelfe t'excuſe,
Doth with the fault his Miſtris there accuſe.
Xanthus the better then the Clowne to prove
In his affection what he beſt did love;
Seemes angry with his Wife, and threatens her
That ſhe ſhall burne alive before ſhe ſtir.
The Clowne ſuppoſing *Xanthus* angry grow,
And that his Wife ſhould to the fire goe,

(Sh wi

(Shewing all's wit at once) replies, O ſtay
A while, till I from hence but goe away
To fetch my Wife, and then they both ſhall be
Within one Fier burnt for companie.
At which fond anſwer *Xanthus* did confeſſe,
Æſop the greater knowledge to expreſſe;
For ſince the Clowne ſo little lov'd his Wife,
He nothing elſe regarded in this life.

CHAP. 14.

ÆSOPS *anſwer to the Iudge.*

14



THree dayes being paſt, *Æſop* employed is
Vpon another meſſage, which was this:
Xanthus would goe to th' Bath, and ſent to know
(That hee more privately might thither goe)

What

What company was in it; *Æſop* now
That nere to doe his Maſters will was ſlow,
Makes all he ſpeed the can; but by the way,
He meetes a Judge, who to him thus did ſay,
Now Loggerhead where go'ſt thou? *Æſop* then
Troth Sir, I know not, cries to th' Judge agen:
But when the Judge did his croſſe anſwer heare,
He calls two men, and will'd them *Æſop* beare
To priſon ſtrait; to whom thus *Æſop* cri'de,
For this firſt fault good Sir be pacifide:
Knew I that you would me to priſon ſend?
How could I truely then an anſwer lend
Which way I had to goe? the Judge (who ſmiles
At *Æſops* anſwer, and his crafty wiles)
Bids, let the Knave goe free. So, *Æſop* makes
All ſpeed away, and his quick journey takes
Towards the Bath; where being entred, he
Eſpies there bathing a great companie:
But at the entry ſeeing there a Stone,
Whereat moſt ſtumbled ſaving one alone,
Who (wiſer then the reſt) remov'd the ſame.
When *Æſop* therefore backe t'his Maſter came,
Who asket him how many bathing were,
Æſop replies, he ſaw but one man there.
Xanthus was pleas'd at this, and thither hies,
But being arriv'd, a multitude hee ſpies,
Of ſtrangers altogether in the Bath;
Who thus to *Æſop* (being incens'd with wrath)
Vile one, thou ſaidſt here were no more then one,
And he himſelfe was bathing all alone.

'Tis

'Tis true quoth *Æsop*, for behold where lies
A Stone before the Bath, yet none so wise
To move the same, all stumbled save this man,
And therefore him so onely stile I can;

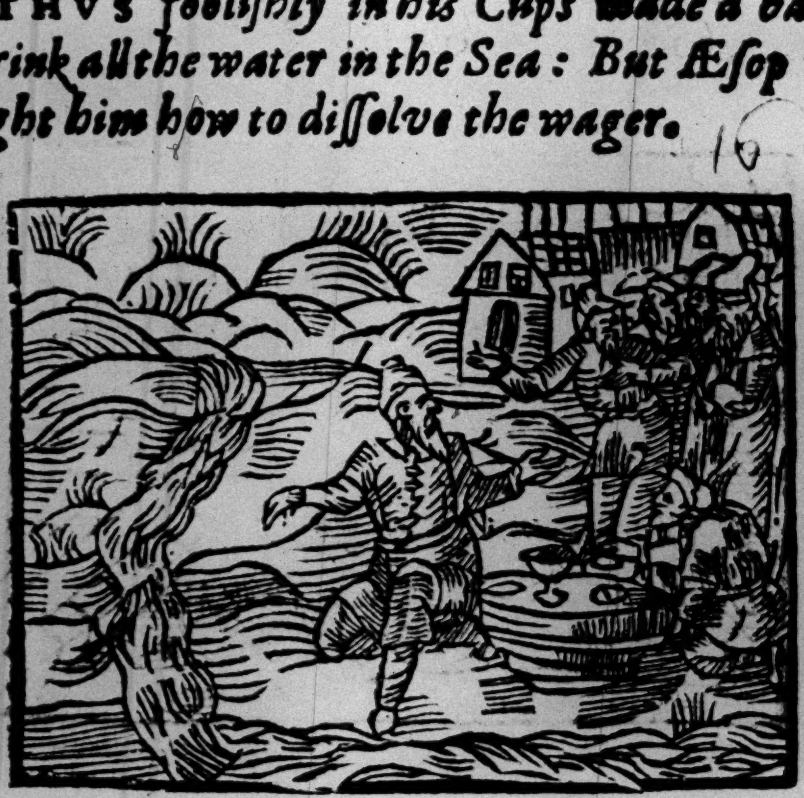
15.



But deeme the rest like senslesse Idiots all,
Who rather then they'd stoop, would stumbling fall;
Thus *Xanthus*, tho displeas'd, no way could blame
(Hearing his answer) *Æsop* for the same.

CHAP. 15.

XANTHVS foolishly in his Cups made a bargaine to drink all the water in the Sea: But Æsop wittily taught him how to dissolve the wager.



IT chanc'd 'mong'st his acquaintance on a time,
Xanthus o'recome with liberall cups of Wine,
Midst their discourse one of them doth demand
If it with possibilitie might stand
For one to drinke the water in the Sea,
Xanthus replies, it possible might be,
And he could doe it: Wagers then were laid
On either side, and stakes by either made,
An hundred Crownes to *Xanthus* house: but now
When *Xanthus* well had slept, and hearing how
He had himselfe ore-reach'd, began repent
His foolish bargaine, full of discontent;

To

To whom thus *Æsop* spake, if you will please
To free my bondage, and my bonds release,
I shall invent and easily finde the way
Whereby your bargaine soone dissolve you may.
Xanthus agrees and *Æsop* thus began
Master, you know the boundlesse Ocean
Which worketh still with an inconstant tide
Doth not alone within it selfe abide,
But purging every minute, when it flowes,
What ebbs receiv'd, againe to Rivers throwes:
Whose Currents if your opposites can keepe,
From back returning to th'unsadom'd Deepe
Beare you the losse: this *Æsop Xanthus* taught
Who next day, when his Adversary thought
To win what he had laid, all ready were
To see him drinke the Sea: but first forbeare
A while (quoth *Xanthus*) seeing yesterday
I did this bargaine make, and wager lay,
I must performe it; but you all doe know
The Sea is spacious, and all Rivers flow
Into the same; Therefore if you can stop
Their currents thence, I soone shall drinke it up:
The which did seeme a taske as great as his,
As well for them as for himselfe to misse:
Which both the Parties seeing, they agree
To breake the Bargaine, and each other free.

CHAP.

CHAP. 16.

XANTHUS *his Ingratitude to* ÆSOP.



WHen *Xanthus* had receiv'd the benefit,
And freed his Wager by his Servants wit,
Æſop his Maſters promiſes expects,
But *Xanthus* moſt ingratefully rejects
His juſt demand, ſtudying more and more
To uſe him harſher then he did before,
And mingle ſtripes with threats; but *Æſop* ſtill
So well conform'd himſelfe to's Maſters will
In all things to obey, that *Xanthus* hate
Could find no juſt ground (though inveterate)
To puniſh *Æſop*: yet as quenchles fire
The more ſuppreſt, doth with more force aſpire,
Conſuming all it meets; ſo *Xanthus* rage
Æſops beſt duty no way can aſſwage:

Being

Being resolv'd, although (without a cause)
Now to burst forth, and not one minutes pause
Admit to keepe it in; for which intent
Hee on a foolish errand *Æsop* sent
To seeke about the field, if haply he
Could find two Crowes perching upon one tree,
And so to bring him word; for two (quoth he)
Portend good luck; but one a Prodigie.
Æsop walks forth and finds them; back doth run
To *Xanthus*, who going out, the one was gone:
Which he perceiving; Crok-backt slave (qd. he)
Thy daily custome is to flout at me,
And now Ile take revenge, and bang thee well:
But *Æsop* cry'd. Sir, while I came to tell
The newes to you, one of them fled away:
Yet *Xanthus* slights th'excuse, and stripes doth lay
More thick on him, till dinner time drew on,
And *Xanthus* to his meat was cal'd upon:
When *Æsop* murmur'd thus; Alas, how curst
My fortune is! I'm sure to have the worst:
Two Crowes portend good luck, one onely Crow
My Master sayes misfortune doth foreshew,
But I spide two, and he but onely one,
Yet have I stripes; he to good cheere is gone:
If men by Birds no better can divine,
Let them foretell their own good luck, not mine.

CHAP.

CHAP. 17.

ÆSOP waggishly discovereth the nakednesse of his Mistris.



XANTHUS againe to Market *Æsop* sends
To buy provision t'entertaine some friends
Which he invites to Dinner; *Æsops* care
Not backward is all ready to prepare:
When Dinner time approch'd, he brings the meats,
And on the Boord each dish in order sets;
But on a velvet Couch which stood there by
He sees his Mistris sleeping soundly lie;
To whom hee calls; Mistris, awake I pray
And looke the Dogs snatch not the meat away:
But she being angry that he wak'd her, cries
Villaine be quiet, my back-side hath eyes.
Now *Æsop* who his Mistris answer tooke
In way of course derision could not brooke

Longer

Longer delay, till he might back retort
So grosse a frump, (though by a knavish sport:)
And therefore, in his mind conceiv'd it best
To thwart her humour with an equall Jest.
Meane while (ere he the Project could effect)
His Masters charge he held in first respect;
And so goes back to th' Kitchen to fetch more
Which brought, he finds his Mistris as before,
Still fast asleepe; with that he walks to her,
And softly doth her smock and coats prefer
To hide her face, and thus t'himselfe replyes.
Mistris if your *Posteriors* have got eyes,
Pray let them be unmask'd: by this time home
Xanthus with his invited Guests is come;
Who entring now the Hall, and seeing there
His Wife to lie with both her Buttocks bare;
Of *Æsop* asks the cause; *Æsop* doth tell
His Master all: Reader, thinke thou how well
Xanthus was pleas'd; I more forbeare to say
Lest I too much the Womans shame display.

CHAP. 18.

XANTHVS commands Æsop to admit of none to enter at his Gate, but Wisemen and Philosophers.



ÆSOP, who must supply all Offices,
And all his Master *Xanthus* humours please,
Must now become his Porter, and must wait
To see that no man enter at the Gate
But such as he appoints, and those to be
Wise-men, not Fooles, else none must *Xanthus* see.
At length one comes demanding entrance there;
But *Æsop* still (whose answeres rugged were)
Thus unto him doth say; Thou Dog come in:
The Wise-man angry growne goes back agen:
In briefe, thus *Æsop* answeres all that came,
And all returne with anger at the same:
Vntill amongst the rest one wiser growes,
Not minding *Æsops* words, and in he goes;

The

The next day, thoſe who were repulſt, relate
Æſops rude anſwer to them at the Gate
Vnto his Maſter, who doth *Æſop* call,
And harſhly chid with him before them all:
Who thus to quit himſelfe (Good Sir) replies
You bad me let in none but who were wiſe;
Nor did I diſobey; for no wiſe man
Will every fooliſh word or anſwer ſcan,
And anger ſhew at every foole, leſt they
The greater folly in themſelves diſplay:
Therefore I him who entred hold to be
The onely Wiſe-man of the Companie.

CHAP. 19.

*Æ*SOP *finding a treaſure,* Xanthus *proves ingratefull.*



AS *Æſop* grew in yeares, his wiſdome ſo
Increaſed ſtill, and did exacter grow:

Who with his Maſter walking to behold
Decayed Sepulchers with age growne old;
Amongſt the reſt a Monument appeares,
Whereon engraven were ſtrange Characters,
Which the prefixed Emblem here diſplayes;
Æſop demands the meaning: *Xanthus* ſayes
The meaning ſeem'd much difficult, and he
Could not unfold ſo great a Myſterie.
Quoth *Æſop* then, My Lord, what benefit
Shall I receive, if I reſolve you it?
Xanthus his freedome promiſeth; to whom
Thus *Æſop* then, Behold this aged Tomb
A golden Treaſure in it doth containe,
As theſe engraven Characters explaine:
Which we ſhall finde by digging; for to us
In Latine ſo it anſwers:

Recedens, Paſſus Quatuor, Fodiens, Invenies,
Theſaurum aureum:

Engliſhed thus:

Deſcend foure ſteps, then digge, and there
A golden treaſure ſhall appeare.

So digging there, they find what was foretold,
The Treaſure rich, and all of Maſſie gold:
Which having got, poore *Æſop* now doth crave
His Maſters promiſe, and his ſhare to have:
But *Xanthus* doth ingratefully denie,
Not onely ſhare, but *Æſops* libertie;

De-

Detaining all himſelfe. Then *Æſop* (thus
Defrauded) cries, King *Dionyſius*
This treaſure claimes, it is not due to thee;
For ſo the following Letters ſignifie:
In Latine thus:

Redde Regi Dionyſio, Quem inveniſti
Theſaurum;

In Engliſh thus expreſt:

The treaſure you diſcovered, bring
to Dionyſius your King.

This laſt expounding troubled ſore the breſt
Of wretched *Xanthus*, Doubtfull what to doe;
But yet the greater miſchiefe to eſchew,
He is contented now with all his hart
Rather then all to loſe, give *Æſop* part;
For ſo the latter clauſe againe implies,
In Latine thus:

Acceptum Euntes Dividite Quem Inveniſtis
Theſaurum Aureum:

Thus the Engliſh ſpecifies.

The Golden Treaſure, which you are
poſſeſſed of, betwixt you ſhare.

Yet *Xanthus* home returning, big with hate,
And envying his ſervants proſperous ſtate,
Seekes more to doe him wrong, then gratefull be,
And, honeſt as his word, to ſet him free;

But that he might the treasure all possesse
As old men most are given to covetousnesse,
Fearing lest *Æsop* by his talking would
That mighty treasure's massy summe vnfold,
Thinkes best to lay him fast; which he effects;
And, gainst all gratitude, or due respects
Sends him to loathsome prison; there to lie
And adde more griefes t'his former miserie.
Till *Æsop* thus, too sensible of wrong,
And th' injuries which he had suffer'd long,
In's Masters service: Thankelesse man (quoth he)
Is this the Freedome once you promis'd me?
Is this the recompence, and must I still
Be thus rewarded for my good, with ill?
You Gods assist my just complaint! at this
Xanthus was somwhat mov'd, and did release
Æsop from prison: but by no intreat
From bondage could hee his inlargement get,
Vntill resolv'd, he boldly thus did speake;
Now do thy worst, ere long my bonds shall break,
And spite of thy oppression, or disdaine,
Ere few dayes passe, I shall my freedome gaine:
The which as he fore-told, effected was,
And in the following Chapter comes to passe.

CHAP. 20.

ÆSOP is set at liberty.



NOt many dayes expired, there befell
An accident in *Samos*, ſtrange to tell,
Where *Xanthus* dwelt: Behold an Eagle ore
The City flies, and the chiefe Signet bore
Away with her, while as the *Samians* all
Were ſolemnizing a great Feſtivall:
Whereat (amaz'd) they unto *Xanthus* ſend
To be reſolved what it might portend;
But *Xanthus* grew perplexed in his mind,
Becauſe he could not the true meaning find:
Æſop perceiving now his Maſters griefe,
Requeſts the cauſe, with promiſe of reliefe
T'his diſcontent; *Xanthus* relates the ſame,
With that before the *Samians* *Æſop* came,

Whose crooked limbs did more derision raise,
Then hope to be resolv'd; till *Æsop* sayes
Thus unto them: Sirs, wherefore laugh ye so?
'Tis not the forme, nor the externall show
That makes the man; but wisdome, and a mind,
That can close Natures deepest secrets find;
Nor should a wise man 'cause a Vessels new
Reject an old one of a blacker hue;
For th' older Vessell may perchance containe
Farre richer Wine then doth i'th' new remaine:
Which learned answer made them all admire,
And with intreaties *Æsops* ayd require,
T'expound the meaning of that strange event;
But *Æsop* of his wisedome confident,
Fortune (quoth he) hath some sedition sowne
Betwixt a Lord and Servant of his owne;
But if the Lord the victory doe gaine,
The Servant shall no liberty obtaine,
Nor his just right; if therefore you would see
A true solution, give me liberty;
That so I may unfold with boldnesse all
Which you demand, or may to you befall:
Then all resolv'd that *Xanthus* should release
The bonds of *Æsop*, and his slavery cease;
Which (though against his Masters humor) they
Effect; nor durst old *Xanthus* but obey.
Remembring now what lately *Æsop* spoke,
In spite of thee I shall cast off the yoake:
Then *Æsop* straight was plac'd before the seat,
Where all the *Samians* were in Councell met,

Who

Who (ſilence being proclaim'd) doth thus begin
My Lords, the Eagle over birds is King,
Which having bore your Seale away with her
(The State and Power of your Governer)
Inferres thus much, A King by conqueſt ſhall
Orethrow your Lawes, and liberty inthrall.
According to which ſaying, lo there came
Embaſſadors from *Lydia*, who proclaime
Their *Lydian* Kings command, and doe relate
To them of *Samos* who in Councell ſate,
How that great Monarch homage did expect
From thoſe of *Samos*, and to that effect
Demands a yearly tribute; elſe, that he
Will ruinate their City ſpeedily.
A time for anſwer's given, *Æſop* then
Is call'd to give them Councell once agen:
Who thus; *My Lords, I would not you diſſwade*
But that the King of Lydia *ſhould b' obey'd;*
Nor 'gainſt the publique profit would I break
Silence, or elſe againſt the Citie ſpeake:
Yet heare two things, which in this mortall age,
Fortune preſents upon this earthly Stage;
The one is liberty, which to procure
At firſt ſeemes hard; but th' end is ſweet and ſure:
Bondage the other, whoſe beginning ſhewes
Sweet at the firſt; but th' end more ſower growes.
The *Samians* hearing this, and knowing that
It tended to the good of th' publike ſtate
This anſwer to the Embaſsadors did give,
Go tell your lord, that Samos will not live

Subject

Subject to any man; but ſtill poſſeſſe
Her ancient libertie and happineſſe.
With that the *Lydian* King did angry grow,
Intends to raiſe an Army, and orethrow
Their City quite, till the Embaſſadour ſpoke,
Sir, 'tis in vaine to bring them to the yoke,
Vnleſſe thou *Eſop* from their Counſell call,
And then into thy hands they ſoone will fall:
So ſtraight Embaſſadors provided bee,
And ſent againe to *Samos* ſpeedily,
Bearing this meſſage; *Lords, our Maſters will*
Though once deny'd, at laſt you muſt fulfill;
Which is, that to his Court you Æſop ſend,
And then' gainſt you his anger ſhall have end.
But *Æſop* hearing this did let them know,
He was not backward to the King to goe:
Yet firſt to th' *Samians* do's a *Fable* tell,
Which long ago (when Beaſts could ſpeak) befell.

The Fable.

THe Woolves intended warre againſt the Sheepe,
but they (too weake their fury to withſtand)
Sent to the Dogs, deſiring ayd to keepe
the Woolves from quite deſtroying of their Land:
The Dogs ſent ayd, and in full many ſore
And dreadfull fights did the Woolves Army gore.

The

The Woolves then ſeeing force could not prevaile
to curb their foes which had ſo powerfull ayd,
Conſult with policie them to aſſaile,
if poſſibly the ſheepe might be betraid:
And with faire words, and promiſes at large,
Intreat the Sheepe the Maſtives to diſcharge.

The Sheep believing, what the Woolves did ſay,
not dreaming of the treohery of their foes,
Reſolved are to ſend the Dogs away,
hoping to live at quiet without blowes:
And ſo rewards for what the Dogs had done;
Being beſtow'd, they leave the Sheep alone.

But when the Woolves perceiv'd their ſtouteſt foes
had left the Sheepe, and to their home were gone,
Perfidiouſly they with redoubled blowes
the Sheep (harme not miſtruſting) ſet upon:
And overthrew them. Since which, ſtill we ſee
Continuall diſcord 'twixt them two to be.

So, when the *Samians* had this *Fable* heard,
They in his abſence their deſtruction fear'd,
And by all means they could, ſought him to ſtay,
But could not him by their intreaties ſway.

CHAP. 21.

ÆSOPS *successfull entertainment with the* Lydian *King, in the behalfe of the* Samians. 22



ÆSOP according to the Kings request,
To *Lydia* goes; the King provides a Feast
To entertaine the Stranger; but when he
Beholdeth *Æsops* foule deformitie,
He vents his anger thus: Is this the man
Whose Counsell made the *Samians* us withstand?
Can wisedome lurke in such an ugly forme?
And thus inrag'd, he furiously doth storme.
But *Æsop* whose invention nere was slack,
(A ready answer unto all to make)
Reply'd: *Great King, thy power forc'd not me,*
But my desire t'attend thy Majestie,
Caus'd my arrivall, who with hope depend
That thou some audience to my words wilt lend.

The

The King attends, and *Æsop* thus replies,
The other day a man was chasing Flies,
But caught a Nightingale: the tim'rous Bird
(Without desert now to be slaine afeard)
Cries to the Faulkner, Master, thee I pray
That me without offence thou wilt not slay,
I doe no harme, nor anything annoy
Nor doe I corne or fruits of th' earth destroy,
Like other Birds, but with my warbling Song,
Make glad the hearts of those that passe along.
Neither canst thou reape benefit at all,
By killing me, my Carcasse is so small.
Which lamentation mov'd the Faulkner so,
That he the harmlesse Nightingale let goe.
Therefore, (Great Sir) consider my weake state,
I wish none harme, then hasten not my fate,
By death or violence; for if I die,
My body profits none; but (living) I
Vnto the World may by my wisedome lend
Things usefull for her till her latest end.
This *Fable* moralliz'd the King did please,
And's rage 'gainst *Æsops* crookednesse appease.
Who answers thus: *Lo, Æsop unto thee*
I give not life; 'tis fortunes gift from me:
But if within my power thou ought request,
As soone as asked thou shalt be possest.
Thus *Æsops* mind rejoyced, who (as soone
As he had promis'd) thus demands a boone:
Great King, I render thanks, and since your Grace
Is pleas'd such favours upon me to place,

Without

Without deſert, if ſo you daigne to grant,
(For I my ſelfe no earthly treaſure want)
The Samians *Tribute onely to be free,*
Your Highneſſe hath enough rewarded mee:
The King conſents. And *Æſop* now began,
While he doth in the *Lydian* Court remaine,
To write theſe *Fables* which hereafter doe
Preſent themſelves to each ingenuous view.
But ſome time paſt, *Æſop* doth now deſire
Vnto forſaken *Samos* to retire,
The newes of their releaſed taxe to bring,
So freely granted by the *Lydian* King.

Chap. 23.

Æsops *returne to* Samos. 23



Æsop returnes to *Samos*; being arriv'd,
The people with all gladneſſe him receiv'd,
Shewing

Shewing all signes of joy; some few dayes gone
Æsop makes open Proclamation
How *Lydia's* King their tribute did remit;
The *Samians* (joyfull of this benefit)
More thankfulnesse to learned *Æsop* gave;
And nothing thought too dear that he would have;
All honours seem'd too meane they could bestow;
Such gratitude did joyfull *Samos* show.
Æsop at last againe to travell bent,
To see some other forraigne Regions went
His knowledge to increase, and now he came
To *Babylon*, a Citty of great fame,
This was the Seat of King *Lycerus*, who
Hearing of *Æsop*, entertainment due
To him did give, and orher gifts confer,
Worthy so famous a Philosopher.
Æsop now having spent some few dayes there,
The customes of the bordering Princes were
Problems obscure oft mutually to send,
And Riddles, which their learnedst men had pend,
To try the wit of others wisest men;
Who if they could not answers send agen,
And rightly them explaine; that King must claime
Tribute from him to whom he sent the same.

CHAP.

CHAP. 23. 24

ÆSOP unfolds all Secrets whatsoever, and by his wisedome much inricheth the Babylonian *King.*



WHile *Æsop* with *Lycerus* did remaine,
Divers wise men in forreign parts did faigne
Strange *Fables*, and darke Mysteries invent,
Which to the *Babylonian* King were sent,
T'unfold the meaning; each Philosopher
His verdict gave, but none did true appeare;
Till *Æsop* (being cal'd) the perfect way
Found out the closest Secrets to display,
And other *Fables* penned; to which none
Of other parts could give solution.
By which *Lycerus* full of Riches grew,
Which by that means frō forreign Kings he drew.
And therefore now in shew of thankfulnesse
For *Æsops* learning, and his love t'expresse,

He

He doth to greater Honours *Æsop* raiſe,
Whoſe wiſdom almoſt the whole Country ſwayes.
Till *Ennus* young, well mannered, and faire,
(By *Æsop* being adopted for his Heyre,
And rais'd to ample fortunes) fell in love
With *Æsops* Concubine, and ſuits did move
To bring her to his will. To his deſire
(Burning with luſtfull and unquenched fire)
She yeelds; And *Ennus* by her looks is wonne
To rivall who adopted him his Sonne.
But as alone one miſchiefe ſeldome falls,
But to the wronged part another calls;
So *Æsop* now not dreaming of the wrong,
Already acted, but remaining ſtrong
In's love to *Ennus*, *Ennus* to requite
His love, doth in ingratitude delight;
And fearing leſt that by ſucceſſe of time
Æsop would vindicate his loathed crime,
And caſt him out of favour, (big with hate)
He plots which way to haſten *Æsops* fate;
And therefore him of treaſon doth accuſe;
Then with falſe Letters *Æsops* truth abuſe:
Which doe incenſe the King, that *Æsop* had
His Majeſtie to other Kings betraid,
By faigned *Fables*, the which here and there
He had divulg'd and ſcatter'd every where.
Thus Luſt oft-times at firſt which pleaſant ſhows
'Twixt deareſt friendſhip moſt ſedition ſowes.

CHAP.

CHAP. 24.

ÆSOP *commanded to be put to death upon* Ennus *his falſe accuſation, and how he is ſaved.*

25



THe King too eaſie *Ennus* to beleeve,
And to falſe accuſations credit give,
Thinks all 'gainſt *Æſop* true; and with command
(Whoſe will doth fixed as the Center ſtand)
Doomes *Æſop* ſtraight to death. But as the Sun
(In ſpite of clouds) his wonted courſe doth run,
And they (being chaſed quite away) appeare
More full of luſtre, radiant, and cleare;
So *Æſop* now by kind *Hermippus* ayd,
(Who in an obſcure Sepulcher him layd,
To hide him from the wrath of th' angry King,
Knowing the Letters which his Son did bring,

Againſt

Againſt his Father, falſe; and ſent him there
All things for ſuſtenance that needfull were)
Some few weekes paſt, his honour doth obtaine,
And in his former glory ſhine againe:
Occaſion'd by this meanes: Nere-ſilent Fame
This newes in joyfull *Egypt* did proclaime
Vnto the King, that *Æſop* now was dead,
Whereby he thought from *Babylon* was fled
All hope t'oppoſe him more; and therfore ſtraight
Frames Letters which theſe Riddles did relate:
That *Nectebanus* lately did project
In th' Ayre a ſtately Tower to erect,
To touch nor Heaven nor Earth; and did intreat
That King *Lycerus* would the Maſons get,
And ſend them to effect it; and beſide,
If for his uſe ſuch men he could provide,
The Letters likewiſe thus much did diſplay,
He of his Land would the tenth Tribute pay.
But no wiſe man of *Babylon* had wit
Enough to anſwer, or accompliſh it:
Whereat their King *Lycerus* (with a brow
Whereon dwelt anger, and could terror throw
'Gainſt any which diſpleas'd him) curſes all
That were the cauſe of *Æſops* wrongfull fall.
Which when *Hermippus* well perceiv'd, in haſt
He goes, and on the ground his body caſt
Before the King; to whom he thus did ſay,
Great Sir, let no ſad thoughts your paſſion ſway
To grow inrag'd with me, and I ſhall bring
ÆSOP *alive, and ſafe before the King:*

For I preſerv'd whom thou didſt doome to death,
Well knowing that the loſſe of ÆSOPS *breath*
Could bring no profit; but his life might be,
(Though hatefull then) ſome benefit to thee.

CHAP. 25.

ÆSOP is brought before the King againe, and re-obtaines his former credit. 26



THe King being full of joy that *Æſop* lives,
Deſires to ſee him, and commandment gives
That he before his preſence ſtraight be brought,
Who (as before to kill him) now his thought
Wholly was bent how to requite the wrong
That *Æſop* in the Dungeon ſuffered long:

And

And therefore doth to him his wealth reſtore,
And gives him greater honour then before.
Then ſhewes what Letters late from *Egypt* came,
And *Æſop* having well perus'd the ſame,
Thus will's the King to anſwer; That when as
The Winter's paſt hee'l bring the ſame to paſſe:
And ſo Embaſſadors diſpatched are,
Lycerus will in *Egypt* to declare.
Returne we now to *Ennus*, whoſe ſad breſt
With envy ſwolne, that *Æſop* is poſſeſt
Of's wealth, and into favour call'd againe,
No reſt can take; but full of foule diſdaine
Runnes up and downe with diſcontented lookes,
And no ſociety or comfort brookes,
But Deſerts and wild places, like a man,
Whoſe ſenſes loſt, no reaſon bridle can.
And thus by baſe ingratitude we ſee
How *Ennus* brought himſelfe to miſery.

CHAP. 26.

ÆSOPS *mildneſſe to* Ennus, *and* Ennus *his untimely death.*

27



BEhold a gentle nature! *Æſops* love
From *Ennus* all his former wrongs ne'r move.
He doth affect him ſtill, (although he may
A heavy and ſevere chaſtiſement lay
With juſtice upon *Ennus*) and with mild
And gentle words inſtructs him as a child:
Then takes him home agen; (there hath not been
In any Age ſcarce halfe ſuch kindneſſe ſeene)
Reſpects him ſtill, and (as he firſt begun)
Gives him the right of an adopted Sonne.
But this contents not *Ennus*, ſtill his mind
Is troubled and doth new *Chimera's* find,

Which

Which doe afreſh his vexed ſoule ſuggeſt,
That *Æſops* wrongs can never be redreſt:
And now with horror and diſtraction flies,
Seeking a place to end his miſeries,
Runnes up and down; at length a mountaine ſteep,
Whoſe hanging head ore-looks th'unfadom'd deep
He nimbly aſcends, and thruſt on by deſpaire,
Flies headlong through a ſteep deſcent of ayre;
Till the all-ſwallowing waves a grave doe lend,
And to his moſt unthankfull breath give end.
(Thus though a while ingratefull men may flouriſh)
Thoſe crimes orethrow them which themſelves do noriſh.

Chap. 27.

Æsop resolves the former Question of the King of Egypt, *who had projected to build a Tower in the Ayre.* 18



BY this time Winters past; the time drew on,
That *Æsop* now must give solution
To th' King of *Egypts* question: hee provides,
And with all winged speed to *Egypt* rides,
Bearing foure Eagles with him, which he had
Brought up, and for his purpose usefull made,
Vnto whose feet foure children fastned were
In baskets, that as th' Eagles mount the ayre,
They might support the children: being arriv'd,
Th' Egyptian King him joyfully receiv'd.
The entertainment past, hee askes the King
Where he shall now erect this wondrous thing?

So

So ſtraight into a ſpatious field they goe,
Which *Nectebanus* did to *Æſop* ſhow,
And told him that's the place: *Æſop* ſurvaies
The ground; and at each ſeverall corner layes
An Eagle and a Child: The Eagles flie,
And with them beare the children up on hie;
Till *Æſop* cries; Send up ſome Lab'rers King,
That thither may your ſtones and morter bring,
Before they goe too high; and quickly they
Shall to thy Tower the foundation lay:
But when the King perceived *Æſops* wit,
He was with admiration ſtruck at it;
And yeelds his tribute loſt; but yet to try
Once more ingenious *Æſops* ſubtilty,
He now propounds a queſtion, which was this,
A ſtately Temple in a place there is,
Wherein a Colume ſtands, that Colume reares
Twelve other, each of them a City beares;
And ore each City thirty ſailes are ſpread,
Vpon the which two Women hourely tread.
Æſop replies, the Temple Heaven call,
The Colume Earth, the which ſupporteth all
The twelve great Cities; and thoſe Cities may
Be term'd the Months; the thirty ſailes diſplay
The dayes of every month; the Day and Night
The Women are, one black, the other white.
Thus *Æſop* by his wiſedome could foreſee,
And ſoone unfold the cloſeſt Myſterie;
Whom now the King with far more great regard
Doth entertaine, and bounteouſly reward:

And after many Diſputations paſt,
'Twixt him and the Philoſophers, with haſt
Æſop returnes to *Babylon*, to bring
The Tributes paid by the *Egyptian* King.

Chap. 28.

Æsop *comes againe to* Babylon.



Æsop arrives at *Babylon*, whom all (Hall,
The Sages meet, and bring to th' Kings great
Where he preſents the Tribute, and doth tell
His Diſputations, and what elſe befell:
Which being related, feaſting was prepar'd,
No ſumptuous coſt for entertainment ſpar'd;
So highly *Æſop* was eſteem'd, that when
The King had ſeene him but returne agen,

He

He thinks him 'bove a man, his wit was so,
That from a mortall braine it could not flow;
And to expresse his admiration more,
And shew his noble gratitude, before
The publike Market he a Statue reares,
Which *Æsops* Portraicture and Image beares,
That after times might not unmindfull be,
Of *Æsops* wisdome and true industrie.
But *Æsop* now, whose ever-working mind,
Tho much he knew, more knowledge seeks to find,
Once more resolves to travell; which intent
Dislik'd the King, unwilling to consent:
Till *Æsop*, by a faithfull promise made
Soone to returne, do's th' easie King perswade,
And so for *Greece* departs; that Region he
Of all the rest desirous is to see;
Where, in what place soever he remaines,
By's affabilitie kind usage gaines:
(So courteous, wise, and affable was hee
That good behaviour hid deformitie)
Thus through all Greece he travels; every place
Making him welcome with respective grace,
Till he arriv'd at *Delphos*, whose crosse fate
We in the following Chapter shall relate.

Chap. 29.

Æsop comming to Delphos, *is betrayed, and relates the* Fable *of the* Rat *and the* Frog.

30



Æsop in *Greece* ſuch love now having found,
And with ſo good reſpect his *wiſdome* crown'd
He next intends for *Delphos* to prepare,
Where ſtands *Apollo's* Temple, hoping there
To find moſt welcome; but (as in a faire
And pleaſant Medow Serpents hidden are,
And in the longeſt graſſe doe lurking lye,
To ſting th' unwary traveller paſſing by,
While heedleſly he on them treads:) ſo here
While *Æſop* wiſemen ſeeks, moſt clowns appeare;
Who (envious at his knowledge) plot and ſtrive
Æſop of life and fortunes to deprive:

Yet

Yet without cauſe produc'd, or publike ſhew
Of juſt proceedings, durſt not ſeeme to ſow
Their open malice 'gainſt him, wherefore one
More ſubtile than the reſt; while to be gone
From *Delphos Æſop* with all ſpeed doth hie,
Conveighs into his Cloak-bag ſecretly
A golden Cup, which from *Apollo's* fane,
The Prieſt accuſeth *Æſop* to have tane:
So hue and cry is after *Æſop* ſent,
And apprehends him though all innocent;
Taxing him of high Sacriledge, and ſo
They ſearch his Male, and doe the Goblet ſhow
Before a Judge; then back they *Æſop* force
To *Delphos* to b' arraign'd without remorce.
The Judge him dooms to die (tho each one knew
The accuſation falſe, and *Æſop* true.
But *Æſop* now (his Sentence being paſt)
(As richeſt Pearles among the Swine, being caſt,
Regardleſſe quite are loſt) to them doth tell
A witty *Fable*; trying ſo te'xpell
Their malice againſt him, which thus begun;

The Fable.

BEtween the *Rat* and *Frog* great love is grown;
The *Rat* invites the *Frog* with him to dine;
Great delicates provided were and Wine,
No coſt was ſpar'd: paſt Dinner, to requite
The *Rat*; the *Frog* inviteth her at night,
To ſup with her; but twixt their houſes was
A Brooke, and dangerous for the *Rat* to paſſe:

Yet

Yet that the *Rat* might o're more ſafely goe,
It is decreed, the *Frog* unto her toe
A ſtring ſhould faſten, and the nimble *Rat*
Taking faſt hold, and hanging upon that,
Should ſo be haled over: but as they
The *Frog*, (the *Rats* death plotting) ſtrugling lay
I' th' midſt o' th' Brook; a *Kite* (viewing the fray)
Stoopes, and both of them ſeiſeth for her prey.
Thus while the *Frog* unjuſtly drew the *Rat*
To ſudden death, ſhe haſtens her owne Fate.

So you, whoſe moſt untrue complaints doe draw
The heavy judgements of the *Grecian* Law
Againſt my innocence; the Gods ſhall take
Due vengeance on your Country for my ſake.

CHAP.

CHAP. 30.

ÆSOP is led to execution, where hee relateth the Fable *of the* Countrey Clowne, *and unjustly receiveth his death, being violently cast downe from a steep Rock by the Executioner.*

31



WHile thus the *Delphians* slighting *Æsops* woe,
Along with him to execution goe,
No just crime laid against him; but the hate
Of his accusers, to pursue his Fate:
Envie so much prevail'd, that when he strove
By witty *Fables*, and intreats, to move
Some pitty from them; all his foes appeare
More deafe then th' Adders ever-stopped eare.
And all poore *Æsops* sighes and teares were vaine,
His wisedome now could no remorse obtaine;

But

But (like a Malefactor) hal'd to death,
Hath ſcarcely time to ſpeake or draw his breath
Till at the fatall place arriving, when
Æſop the ſpectacle of death did ken;
Some time of reſpite gain'd, he thus did ſay.

The FABLE.

A Countrey Clowne *there was, which from the day*
Of his firſt birth had nere the City ſeene,
But led a Ruſticks life, and ſcarce had beene
Foure miles from home; at laſt he doth require
Leave of his Lord, who (yeelding t'his deſire)
He for a Waggon aſſes doth provide,
And ſo in pompe will to the City ride:
But as he goes, a ſtorme ariſing drives
The Aſſes from the way, and quite deprives
The ſilly Clowne *of ſenſe, (unskilfull how*
To guid them, being taken from the Plough)
Till wandring up and downe, at laſt they came
To a ſteep Mountaine, and aſcend the ſame:
But at the top for want of guiders skill,
The Cart turnes over tumbling downe the hill:
While thus the Clowne cries out, great Iove, *muſt I*
For no offences die thus wretchedly?
My death by Aſſes *me far worſe doth grieve,*
Then if I did it from the Horſe *receive.*

Ev'n ſo cries *Æſop* fares it now with me,
For I by Aſſes die moſt wrongfully:

But

But if I were by wiſe and juſt men try'd,
I thus unjuſtly ſhould not now have dy'd.
This being hardly utter'd, *Æſop* ſtraight
From th' Executioner receives his Fate,
And headlong from a Rock is thrown; whoſe end
Vnjuſtly wrought, mov'd juſter Heav'n to ſend
A Peſtilence through *Delphos*, and to take
Vengeance on them for wronged *Æſops* ſake.
And thus the wiſeſt of his times did fall;
Whoſe death may be a warning unto all,
That guiltleſſe blood revenged ſtill ſhall be
On them and theirs that ſhed it wrongfully.

The end of ÆSOPS *Life.*

THE

THE FABLES OF ÆSOP.

FAB. I.

The Dunghill-Cock, *and* precious STONE.



A *Cocke* (the *dung-hill* scraping chanc'd to spie
Among the Dirt, a precious *Iewell* lie;
Which he (disdaining) cries, What profit can
This yeeld to mee? if, happily, a Man

(Knowing the vertue) had this *Iewell* found,
'Twould make his heart with present joy abound:
But in my eye one Barley-corne is more
Then all the *Iewels* on the Indian shore.

The MORALL.

THe precious STONE *described here, implies*
High-prised Arts *and their rich* Mysteries:
The COCK, *a* sordid Nature, *whose desire*
(Like the dull Swine, that wallowe in the mire)
Doth greater joy in earthly pleasures find,
Than the endowments of a vertuous Minde.

FAB. 2.

The Wolfe *and* Lambe.



A Thirſty *Lambe* walks to the Rivers ſide,
Where ſhe is by a ravenous *Wolfe* eſpide,
Whoſe curriſh nature (ſtill on miſchiefe bent)
Thus pickes a quarrell with the innocent
And harmles Beaſt: What villain mov'd thee thus
Iuſt in our preſence (as in ſcorne of us)
Ere we could drinke to foule the Chriſtall Spring:
The *Lamb* affrighted at his menacing,
Repli'd, great Sir, the cauſe of my offence
Was through my ignorance, not inſolence;
Nor did I know, that you were preſent here:
At which the *Wolfe* 'gins more to domineere,
And anſweres, ſlave thou ly'ſt; have not I ſeene
How ready thou, and all thy friends have beene,

To croſſe us ſtill; for which (without delay)
Thy blood for all thoſe former wrongs ſhall pay.

The MORALL.

SO Great men oft entimes ore-ſway with might
The Poore, againſt reſpect of Law or right.

FAB. 3.

The Eagle, *the* Frog, *and the* Mouſe.

34



THe *Frog* and *Mouſe* at variance did ſtand,
Who ſhould be King, and rule the Mariſh land;
And therefore to decide this fatall jarre,
They undertake a long and doubtfull warre;

The

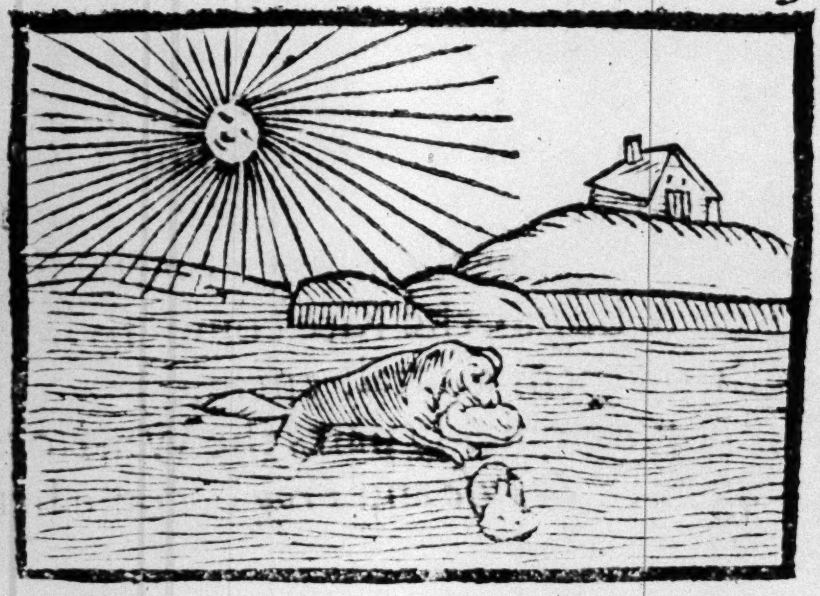
The crafty *Mouſe* in ambuſh cloſely lies,
That ſhe th'unwary *Frog* might ſo ſurprize:
The *Frog* ſuſpects the Plot, and therefore ſhee
To open combate dares her enemie;
Not willing to prolong the warre; agreed
Both parties meet; each brandiſhing a Reed
In ſtead of Speares; While at each others ſight
Their courage makes them eager on the fight:
Which ſcarſe begun, the Kite comes flying by,
(To both of them a fatall enemie)
And, ſtooping, quickly parts the Warriors fray,
Making both *Mouſe* and *Frog* become her prey.

The MORALL.

SO factious men inflamed with deſire
Of bearing rule, imprudently aſpire
Beyond their reach, and fooliſhly contend;
But haſten their owne ruine in the end.

Fab. 4.

The Dog *and the piece of* Flesh.



BY chance a hungry *Dog* had robb'd the Pot,
Or from the Cooke a piece of Flesh had got;
Wherewith he nimbly crosse a River flies,
To shun pursuit of following enemies.
But as he past, within the waters cleare,
The fleshie shadow did to him appeare;
Who not content, but covetous of all,
Dives for that too; and lets the substance fall:
So both being lost, when he could neither find,
He cries, Foole thanke thy over-greedy mind.

The Morall.

BE not too covetous t'encrease thy store,
But what thou undertak'st consult before;
Least Fortune may thy undertakings crosse,
And thou bee forc'd with present losse.

FAB. 5.

The Lyon *and other* Beasts.



A Generall day for hunting being decreed
Amongst the Beasts, they mutually agreed
(The sports being ended) equall share should fall
Of what they slew to recompence them all:
So out they goe to hunt the tender Hart,
Who slaine, each Beast according to desert
Expects his share: to whom the *Lyon* thus
First speaks, you know my friends that unto us
Belongs one part by right of dignitie;
A second too pertaineth unto me,
In that my strength 'bove yours doth excell;
A third is also mine, you know it well
Cause in pursuit I tooke the greatest paine;
A fourth part now there onely doth remaine,

Which as a gift from all your loves I take,
And for your kindneſſe, recompence will make:
So all the Beaſts depart, nor durſt they ſhew
An angry looke, although deluded ſo.

The MORALL.

*AS th'*Lyon *here (pretending right) detaines*
The others dues: ſo for unlawfull gaines
(Injuſtice oft prevailing) poore men ſtand
Aloofe whilſt others doe poſſeſſe their Land;
Not daring ſeeke their owne; ſo much the feare
Of Greatnes awes them, tho great wrongs they beare.

FAB. 6.

The Wolfe *and the* Crane.



HVnger ſore bit the *Wolfe*; which he to eaſe,
Roving for prey, upon a *Lamb* did ſeiſe;
And it devoured: but through too much haſt
Of Feeding, croſſe his ravenous throat ſtuck faſt
One of the ribs, which ſo the *Wolfe* did paine,
That he to many often did complaine;
But none would lend him help: at length he goes
And to the *Crane* his griefe's ſad cauſes ſhowes;
Entreating her to uſe her beſt of skill,
And downe his throat, by thruſting her long bill
To draw the bone that did afflict him ſo;
For which ſhe ſhould not unrewarded goe;
But have her full content: the eaſie *Crane*
(Won with faire words and hope of future gaine)

Effects

Effects the Cure, and then demands her pay;
To whom th'ingratefull *Woolfe* did scoffing say,
What pay fond foole canst thou expect of me?
Is't not enough that thou escapest free,
Not hurt at all, when I with little strife
Had power but now to take away thy life?

MORAL.

SVch men too many in this World we see,
Who (fauning) stoop to all, while Povertie
Curbs their proud thoughts: but if to wealth they rise
(Vnmindfull of their old Calamities)
They re-assume their insolence and pride,
And scorn them most, who most their wants suppli'd.

FAB. 7.

The Countrey-man *and the* Snake.



IN depth of Winter, (numbd with cold) a *Snake*,
Seeming halfe dead upon the ground did lye,
On which a *Husbandman* did pitty take,
As he by chance that way was passing by;
So beares her home, then layes her by the fire,
The heat whereof did soone the cold expell,
That sodainly the *Snake* began respire;
And (feeling strength) with her old venome swell:
But quite forgetfull of the good receiv'd,
Or what the man to save her life had done,
(Whereof she almost lately was bereav'd)
To throw abroad her poyson she begun,
And hissing flyes at him with all her might;
Which he perceiving, fetcheth weapons straight,

Replying,

Replying, Villaine, doſt thou thus requite
My kindneſſe, and my love purſue with hate?
For this ingratitude thy life ſhall pay,
And what I ſav'd, I now will take away.

The MORALL.

SO oftentimes wee (by experience) ſee
Thoſe prove our greateſt enemies whom we
Do moſt befriend; and thoſe to whom w'have ſhowne
Moſt love, to us moſt miſchievous have growne.
Neglecting not alone the thanks they owe;
But (had they power) would work their overthrow.

FAB. 8.

The Bore *and the* Asse.



WHile the dull *Asse* the sturdy *Bore* derides,
The *Bore*, whose passion sounder reason guids,
Replies, dull villaine, that the world may see
How much I slight thy scoffes, although from me
Thou just revenge deserv'st, jest on thy fill,
Thy baseness guards thee, and withholds my will.

The MORALL.

DO not inrag'd at all aspersions grow;
Lest false untruths like verities may show.

FAB. 9.

The City-Moule, *and* Countrey-Mouſe.

40



THe *City Mouſe* that many daves had ſpent
Within her native toile, on travell bent,
The Countreys ſweet varieties to ſee,
Is by a *Countrey-Mouſe* met happily;
Who entertaines her with the choyceſt fare
Her Larder could afford, nor did ſhe ſpare
For any coſt, which the deighfull field
To welcome unexpected gueſts could yeild:
Yet this pleas'd not the *Citie-Mouſe*; the meat
Seemed too courſe for her nice chaſt palat:
And therefore, ſhe intreats the *Countrey-Mouſe*
To walke with her, and view her City houſe,
To ſee what entertainment ſhe could give;
And how deliciouſly ſhe ſtill did live:

So

So both agree, and tow'rds the City come;
Which entred, they approch a ſpacious roome:
And after welcome bidden, a dainty feaſt
The *City-Mouſe* provideth for her gueſt:
Both ſeat themſelves and heartily doe feed:
But midſt their junkets with unwelcome ſpeed
They heare the turning of a key, whoſe feare
Enjoynes them quickly to forſake their cheare,
And ſhift into a hole, from whence they ſee
One of the houſhold ſervants haſtily
Enter the roome (the which unuſuall ſight
Doth much the trembling *Country-Mouſe* affright)
But he not ſtaying long; the City Dame
Returneth to the Banket whence ſhe came;
And calls her friend, off'ring a choycer bit
To her, then any ſhe had taſted yet:
But feare had ſpoild her ſtomack, ſo that ſhe
(Glad to depart) replyeth, If this be
The ſauce you have unto your City fare,
Give me my owne, (tho courſe) 'tis void of care:
Such feares perplexe not us, nor griefes moleſt
Our homely roofes; we undiſturbed reſt,
Tho courſe our fare; whē dangers more then great
Attend the dainty Junkets which you eat.

The MORALL.

THe poore mans happie life is here expreſt,
While he content with his eſtate remaines,

Above

Above the rich, although of wealth poſſeſt;
For care to get, or feare to loſe his gaines,
Doth ſo perplexe his troubled mind, that he
Scarſe lives a day or houre contentedly.

FAB. 10.

The Eagle and the Daw.



THe *Eagle* finds a Cockle, and with paines
Labours for what the faſtned ſhell reſtrains;
Which the ſly *Daw* beholding with deceit,
Pretends t'inſtruct the *Eagle*, how to get
The fiſh with greater eaſe; and bids her flie
Aloft, and with the Cockle mount the skie;
Then let it fall againſt ſome rocke, that ſo
The ſhell might open with the ſudden blow:

Which

Which done, the *Daw* that subt'ly watcht her prey
Snatches the meat, and nimbly flies away;
Leaving the cheated *Eagle* all alone,
Her sad mishap and folly to bemone.

The Morall.

Doe not beliefe in every one repose;
For seeming friends prove oft the greatest foes;



In faire Meadowes dangerous Adders lie,
And most deceit is clad with flattery:
Which in deluding Counsellers is shewne,
Not for thy gaine, but profit of their owne.

Fab. II.

The Crow *and the* Foxe.



THe *Crow* had got a prey, and with it flyes
To feed upon a Tree, which *Vulpis* eyes,
And faine would gull her of it; wherefore he
To worke his plot, thus greets her craftily;
Haile Miſtris haile, Fames untruths now I ſing,
And to your Worſhip joyfull tidings bring:
Fame ſtiles thee blacke as Soot, but I have found
her rumours falſe, in whiteneſſe you abound
Beyond the Snow, or lillies of the field:
For which the joyful *Crow* ſeemes thanks to yield,
Clapping her wings; but as ſhe ſtrove to ſpeake,
The bait ſhe had dropt from her empty beake:
Which the *Fox* nimbly catching, leaves the *Crow*
To learne more wit when ſhe is flatter'd ſo.

The

The MORALL.

AFfect not empty Titles, nor the light
And windy praiſes of the Paraſite;
For they for their owne ends do moſt applaud,
Which being obtain'd they ſlight whom they defraud.

FAB. 12.

The Lyon *and other* Beaſts.



THe *Lyon* weake and old, that erſt was ſtrong,
And too unjuſtly meaner *Beaſts* did wrong;
Now for his tyranny doth pay; the *Bore*
With his ſharp tuskes his aged ſides doth gore;
The *Bull* aſſaults him with his hornes; the baſe
And ſordid *Aſſe* with undeſerv'd diſgrace

Spurnes at him too, the which perplexed more
The noble Beaſt, then all the blowes before:
Who thus cries out: I oft have injur'd them,
And juſtly merit they ſhould me contemne:
But the dull *Aſſe*, whom I eſteem'd my friend
Forſakes me too: unhappy I to lend
Affection to his baſeneſſe, and to move
The wrath of ſuch as would more faithfull prove.

The MORALL.

IF Fortune raiſe thee to a high degree
Of bearing rule, let not thy actions be
Too much ſevere; but ſuch, as Iuſtice may
Command the Vulgar truely to obey;
Leſt fortune change, and thou (of friends forlorne)
Become to thy Inferiours a ſcorne.

FAB. 13.

The Aſſe *and little* Dog.



THe ſtrong-back'd *Aſſe*, whoſe labour to his Lord
Commodity and profit did afford,
Perceiving oft the little *Dog*, (whoſe uſe
No profit to his Maſter could produce,
But kept for pleaſure only) ſport and play,
And fawning on his maſter, every day
Fed well, and liv'd at eaſe, while he with paine
Still wrought, and yet could no ſuch love obtaine,
Growes envious, and reſolves the like to try:
; on his Maſter lovingly;
at him with's formoſt feet, then layes
cloſe to his lips; and loudly brayes:
about in ſuch a ruſtick ſort,
Aſſe could doe to ſhow him ſport.

Whereat the Maſter much affrighted, cries
For helpe: his ſervant to him quickly hies:
Who ſeeing how bold the ſordid *Aſſe* did grow.
Requites his paſtime with a cruell blow,
Thrathing him well, till he with griefe repents,
And quite forſaketh ſuch fond merriments.

The MORALL.

TWould ſeeme a thing prepoſterous to ſee
A Buffoone plac'd i'th' ſeat of dignitie,
As much riaculous it is for one
To meddle with anothers function.
And they but trifle time who thinke they can
Reach th apprehenſion of another man:
For let them ſtrive till death, none can partake
Of all Arts, Nature doth the Artiſt make.

FAB. 14.

The Lyon *and the* Mouſe.



OPpreſt with heat a *Lyon* in the ſhade
For his repoſe his wearied limbs had laid,
And fell aſleepe; 'bout whom a troop of poore
And little mice, that never durſt before
Approch his preſence, merry paſtimes make,
Till with their ſports the angry Beaſt they wake,
Whoſe fury forc'd them all to flye, but one;
Which not ſo nimble as the reſt alone
Is left behind, and by the *Lyon* caught,
Whereat amaz'd, the ſilly *Mouſe* beſought
The noble *Lyon* vengeance not to ſhow
For this her firſt offence, but let her goe;
The *Lyon* ſoone conſenteth, ſeeing the blood
Of one ſo baſe could doe him little good.
And ſo the *Mouſe* departs; but ere the day
Was fully ſpent; the Lyon ſeeking prey,

And traverſing the Forreſt, chanc'd to be
Entrapped in a net unwarily,
So ſtruggles to get looſe, but prov'd too weake
With all his ſtrength th'intangling net to breake.
Wherefore for help a hideous noiſe he makes,
And with his roaring all the Forreſt ſhakes;
Which when the *Mouſe* now heard, ſhe runs with ſpeed,
Remembring how the *Lyon* once her freed;
And though but weak, by knawing of the net,
The ſtronger *Lyon* did at freedome ſet.
So thanks on both ſides giv'n, they part agen,
The *Mouſe* t'her hole, the *Lyon* to his Den.

The MORAL.

THough ſmiling Fortune ſeeme a while to bleſſe,
And raiſe thee to the height of happineſſe,
Inſult not ore the weake, leſt Fortune may
Divert her ſmiles, and thy eſtate decay,
And thou as much in need of others ſtand,
As they of thee, when thou didſt them command.

FAB. 15.

The young Kite, *and his* Mother.



THe young *Kite* ſick, intreats his Mother pray,
And for his health upon the Gods to call;
But ſhe replyeth, Sonne, thou every day
Didſt in thy health into deboiſtneſſe fall:
And thinkeſt thou the Gods will comfort lend
To thee, whom thou ſo highly didſt offend?

The MORALL.

IN thy beſt dayes, let not too haughty pride
Puffe up thy thoughts; ſo cauſing a neglect
Of God, whoſe lawes ſhould be thy chiefeſt guide;
Leſt he whoſe power can raiſe, and wrath deject,
When in thy need his ayd thou doſt implore,
As much ſcorne thee, as thou didſt him before.

FAB. 16.

The Foxe *and the* Eagle.



THe *Eagle* and the *Foxe* (no longer foes)
Kindly each other greet; till frindſhip growes
So ſtrong 'twixt them, that they will neighbors be;
And better to confirme their amitie,
One Tree muſt harbour both. The *Eagle* makes
Her Neſt aloft: The *Foxe* her dwelling takes
At the ſame root; and each bring forth their young;
But this true love continued not long:
For once it chanc'd the *Foxe* forſooke her hole,
To fetch in food; who gon, the *Eagle* ſtole
Into the *Foxes* Den, and to her Neſt
Bore the young *Foxes* with their fleſh to feaſt
Her little *Eaglets*; ſo by this agen
The *Foxe* returnes, who entering her Den,

Finds

Finds all her young ones gone, their losse laments
And 'gainst the *Eagle* fearfull cursings vents,
And direfull imprecations; praying *Iove*
To send revenge for such infringed love.
And so it hapned, after some few dayes
The Priest a Goat upon the Altar layes
For sacrifice; which when the *Eagle* knew,
With winged speed she nimbly thither flew,
And snatching up a Fritter, with it bore
A fiery brand; so back t'her neast doth sore:
Where the wind rising so incens'd the flame,
As't fired all the Nest; but when the same
Her unfledg'd young ones felt, to shun the heat,
With all their speed out of the neast they get;
Attempting flight; but wanting feathers fall
Straight to the earth, and on their Mother call
For helpe; when she too weak t'assist them, they
Poore Birds become the injur'd *Foxes* prey.

The MORALL.

SO those who Covenants of friendship breake,
(Though th'injurd Parties seem a while too weak
To right themselves: from Heav'n receive their due,
Who doth such deeds with vengeance still pursue.

Fab. 17.

The Swallow, *and other* Birds.



THe painfull Husband-man his ground doth ſow
With fatall Hempſeed; him the *Swallow* ſpies,
And knowing what great danger thence would grow,
To all the *Birds*, with haſt away ſhe flies,
And counſels them, that they with ſpeed repaire
(And ere the ſeed too deep a root did take,)
To ſpoyle and pick it up with greateſt care,
Leſt if thereof the Fowler nets ſhould make,
It prove the ruine of them all, and they
With loſſe of life repent their fond delay.
But the dull Birds, void both of care and feares,
Sleight her advice, untill the curſed graine
Sprouts forth, and green upon the ground appears:
Whereat the wiſer *Swallow* once againe

More earneſtly perſwades them not to loſe
So fit occaſion; but while yet they may
Prevent a future ill, their ſtrength to uſe,
And not to let the time quite ſlip away:
Vntill the Hemp growne fully ripe, at laſt
All hope to ruine ſuch a foe be paſt.
Yet ſtill the Birds her counſell doe neglect,
For which the *Swallow* quite forſakes the field,
And as they her, ſo ſhe doth them reject,
And her ſafe neſt amongſt the houſes build,
Where ſhe at quiet reſts, when hourely cares,
And feare of death the others doe perplexe,
While the ſlye Fowler with his hempen ſnares
And crafty gins each minute doth them vexe:
So that nor day nor night they truely can
Aſſure their ſafety, if eſpi'd by Man.

The MORALL.

THus they who ſlight good Counſell, headlong run
On miſchiefe, and repent when th'hurt is done.

Fab. I^o.

Iupiter *and the* Frogs.



THe *Frogs* desire a King; and for that end
To *Iupiter* their earnest prayers bend;
Iove smiles to see their folly, and denies
Their suit at first; but tyred with their cries
He mong'st them throws a Log; whose heavy fall
With terrour so amaz'd the *Frogs*, that all
Crouch down for feare, and with amazement stand
In readinesse t'obey their Kings command,
Till waiting long, when they at last perceiv'd
'Twas nothing but a senslesse Log, bereav'd
Of life and motion, all the *Frogs* bestride
His lumpish back, and their mild King deride,
Desiring *Iove* to give them one, that may
With awfull pow'r the Marish Empire sway,
And not a liveleſſe Block. *Iove* therefore sends
The *Crane* to them, which stalking prowdly bends

His

His mind to tyranny, devouring ſtill
The *Frogs* to pleaſe his appetite and will.
Weary whereof, the *Frogs* repine againe:
But *Iove* will heare them now no more complaine:
The *Crane* muſt governe ſtill; ſince (not content)
They murmur'd at a peacefull Government.

The MORALL.

HOw good ſo ere the King, we daily ſee
Subjects repine; and if he peaceſull be,
They count him dull: if much ſevere, they cry
And murmure hourely 'gainſt his tyranny.

Fab. 19.

The Doves *and* Sparrow-hawke.



Dissention grown betwixt the *Doves* and *Kite*,
The Doves too weak with such a foe to fight,
The *Sparrow-hauke* to be their King Elect,
Hoping she would their innocence protect,
And quell th'insulting Kite; but she possest
Of rule, with greater cruelty oppresst
The harmelesse *Doves*, who now with sorrow rue
Their hasty choice; since to their losse they knew,
'Twas safer with the Kite at warre to be,
Then to endure the *Sparr-hawkes* tyranny.

The Moral.

CHange seldome brings a better, every one
Should therefore rest content, and covet none.

Fab. 20.

Fab. 20.

The Thiefe *and* Dog.



A *Thiefe* with a fellonious intent
By night to rob a houſe in ſecret went;
A *Dog* eſpies him; but the crafty knave,
To pleaſe the Curre, nd his diſcovery ſave;
(Leſt he ſhould barke too loud) offers him bread
Which the good *Dog* refuſing, anſwered:
Villaine, thou giv'ſt a morſell, but woulſt doe
A greater harme, ſhould I but ſuffer you.

The Morall.

Beware to whom you truſt, or faith impoſe,
Leſt for a little gaine you greater loſe.

FAB. 21.

The Wolfe *and* Sow.



THe *Sow* had litter'd; when the *Wolfe* to her
With ſeeming care his ſervice did prefer,
To guard her Pigs, leſt danger haply might
(The *Sow* being abſent) on her young ones light.
But the wiſe *Sow* replies, ſhe needed none
To guard her Young, her ſelfe could doo't alone:
Knowing his abſence ſafer farre would be
To her and them, then the *Wolfes* Company.

THE MORALL.

IT is not ſafe to truſt or credit all;
Leſt ſome (pretending love) purſue thy fall.

FAB. 22.

The birth of the Mountaines.



'TWas rumor'd that a *Mountaine* big, ſhould be
Deliver'd of a monſtrous Prodigie;
Men eaſie to believe, and glad to know
Whereto th'event of this report ſhould grow
In troopes flock thither: So the time drew nigh
Of this long look'd for ſtrange delivery;
And frō the *Hils* vaſt womb skips forth a *Mouſe*,
To the Spectators ſo ridiculous,
That (ſeeing themſelves deluded) they retire,
And laugh at what before they did admire.

The MORALL.

GReat boaſters heere are ſhewne, deluding ſome
With vaunting words; but when to proofe they come,

And men expect like actions, they appeare
So vaine, they merit nothing but a jeere.

Fab. 23.

The old Dog *despised by his Master.*



A *Hound* grown weak with age, nor able now
To keep the *chase*, and such like pastime show
As in his youth he did (yet willing still
Equal'l this power to please his Masters will)
The Game being started followes; and at length
Fastens; but wanting his accustom'd strength,
Lets goe his hold, and loseth quite his Game,
Not able longer to pursue the same:
Which when the Huntsman sees, he angry growes
And beats the halfe-lame *Dog* with many blowes;
Yet all would not prevaile; the *Hound* no more
Could gaine the ground which he had lost before;

But

But panting falleth downe; for which the Man
With fury threatens the poore *Curre* againe
That he ſhould loſe his life, ſince now unfit
For uſe, he longer did not merit it.
The *Dog* replies, Sir if you gratefull were,
You ought remember ſtill the faithfull care,
And ſervice of my youth; and not when age
Hath weakned me, with undeſerved rage
Haſten my death; but as for profit then;
So dow for love to cheriſh me agen;

The MORALL.

SO wee behold too often in this waine
And wretched World for the deſire of gaine
Old Servants ſhaken off, although their care
T'enrich their Maſters thier undoing were.

FAB. 24.

The Hares *and the* Storme.



AFfrighted with the noiſe of ſudden ſtormes,
The light-foot *Hares* forſake their open *forms*
And to the Woods retire; but there the noiſe
Doth more increaſe, and the winds lowder voice
Roar'd 'mongſt the trees; from thence agen they fly
Seeking a place of more ſecuritie:
But farre they had not gone, when in their flight
A pale their journey ſtopt, which ſo did fright
The trembling *Hares*, that all amaz'd they ſit;
At length one finds a breach, and thinks it fit
Through that to runne, and make no longer ſtay;
But this plot fail'd them too, for in their way
As they ſhould paſſe, a ſtanding Poole they ſpie
Wherein a multitude of Frogs did lye,
As they ſuppoſed, drown'd; and therefore feare
Commands them further not their courſe to ſteere:

So

So they conſult what now is beſt to doe:
Backward they dare not, forward cannot goe:
Leſt while they ſhun the *Storms*, the preſent waves
If they ſhould enter, might become their graves.
Amidſt this gen'rall feare up ſtarted one
(More ſolid then the reſt in judgement growne,
By age and long experience) who thus ſaid,
Stand not amazed Friends, nor be diſmaid,
Though *Stormes* at firſt affrighted us, yet they
Cannot ſtill laſt, or yet admit they may,
Our warme and fur-lin'd Coats can well withhold
The ſtrongeſt *Storms*, and ſhield us 'gainſt the cold,
Yet thoſe are weake ſupporters to the Mind;
That beſt withſtands the power of the wind;
And if our ſelves with patience we can arme,
We ſoone ſhall ſee the fury of this *Storme*
Waſt its own ſtrength: ſhe ſcarſly this had ſaid,
But the inraged Tempeſt was allaid.

The MORALL.

MAn like the Hares, *with adverſe troubles croſt,*
Muſt not at firſt deſpaire as he had loſt
All hope of future helpe; but ſtedfaſt ſtand
(Arm'd with the ſhield of Patience) 'gainſt the hand
Of the Worlds greateſt tempeſts, which once paſt,
He ſhall arrive t'eternall reſt at laſt.

FAB. 25.

The Hart *and the* Sheep.



THe *Hart* pretends the *Sheep* did owe a debt
Long due to him, and now demandeth it,
Before the *Wolfe*; the *Sheep* durst not deny
Though guiltlesse, when her greatest foe was by,
But freely it confest, and so a day
Arpointed was when she the same should pay:
Which drawing nigh, the *Hart* demands his due;
To whom the *Sheep* replies, My friend to you
I nothing owe, once I confest for feare,
But now deny. The *Wolfes* not present here.

The MORALL.

EXtortion so oft-times doth wrong the poore
And force them pay what they nere ow'd before.

FAB. 26.

FAB. 26.

The Wolfe *and yonng* Kid.



THe *Goat* goes out into the field to feed,
Leaving at home her young and tender *Kid*;
Commanding her that she should ope the dore
To none till her returne: the *Wolfe* that bore
No good intent, in ambush lies hard by,
And heares their talke, who therefore presently
Knocks at the dore, and faignes a *Goat*-like voice,
But the young *Kid* replies, friend cease your noise,
Here is no entrance; for your faigned note,
Tells me you are a *Wolfe*, and not a Goat.

The MORALL.

DOe as thy Parents bid, and be not led,
Astray by th' Counsell of each foolish head.

FAB. 27.

Fab. 27.

The Dog *that kept his Masters* Sheep.



A Shepheard had a numerous flock of *Sheepe*,
For whose protection he a *Dog* did keepe:
And fed him highly, that the *Curre* might be
More carefull, and with safer Custodie
Looke to his Charge; yet the insatiate *Curre*,
Seeking variety, did more preferre
The blood of tender *Lambs*, than all the fare
His Master fed him with; and would not spare
The best in all the flock, if the delight
Of fresh warme meat incens'd his appetite:
The which his master finding out, with rage,
(For patience could not such a wrong asswage)
Threatens his death. The guilty *Dog* replies,
Why must I die? farre greater enemies

Daily

Dayly infeſt the Flock; the *Wolves*; let thoſe
Beput to death, who are profeſſed foes.
Nay (quoth his Maſter) rather you muſt die,
Who under friendſhip uſe hoſtilitie.

The MORALL.

THis Fable *ſhowes the danger which attends*
A man too confident in homebred friends.

FAB. 28.

The Countreyman *and* Snake.



A *Countrey-man* once kept a *Snake*, which he
Had foſter'd long; till one day furiouſly
He ſtrooke the ſame; for which the injur'd *Snake*
Flies to the Wood, and did his houſe forſake:

So

So ſhe being gone, the man at length grew poore,
Yet could no reaſon call to mind therefore,
Vnleſſe the abſence of the *Snake*; ſince he
Without deſert abus'd her wrongfully:
He therefore nimbly to the Thicket flies
To ſeeke her out, whom he at laſt eſpies:
And ſeeming greatly for his wrong to mourne;
Asks pardon firſt, then begs ſhe would returne,
And live with him againe, the ſnake replies,
Although the wound were cur'd, his injuries
Were not forgot; nor would ſhe venture more,
To live where ſhe had found ſuch wrong before.

The MORALL.

THe memory of an undeſerved wrong
Sticks deep, and dwelleth in remembrance long,
Offer then none to any, leſt when they
Cannot revenge, a higher Power may.

FAB. 29.

The Foxe *and* Storke.



THe *Fox* to Supper did the *Storke* invite,
The *Storke* accepts his kindneſſe, and at night
Meets with her promiſe to partake her ſhare
(As ſhe ſuppoſed) of moſt dainty fare;
But the ſly *Foxe* deceitfully provides
Nothing but liquid ſtuffe, which ſpreading glides
All thin about the Table; ſo that ſhe
Could nothing eat, while the *Foxe* haſtily
Likes it all up: the *Storke* but little ſhowes
Of outward anger, and away ſhe goes
Hungry as when ſhe came. But many dayes
Were not out worne, when ſhe againe repayes
The *Foxe* with like deceit, invites him home,
To dine with her, the *Foxe* doth kindly come,

Where

Where ſhe provides a veſſell made of glaſſe,
Fill'd full of liquor too, whence nought could paſſe,
To feed the hungry *Foxe*: beſides the necke
Too narrow for his head; when her long beake
Sucks it all out; Yet kindly ſhe intreats
Her neighbour *Foxe* to taſt of ſuch courſe meats
As ſhe prepar'd; but he poore hungry *Curre*
Seeing himſelfe requited well by her,
For his old craft; with ſhame departs away
To his own home, his hunger to allay.

The MORALL.

AN ancient Proverb ſayes, 'tis no deceit,
Deceivers to delude, as here we ſee
The Storke *inſtructed by the* Foxes *wit,*
Retorts upon him his owne knaverie.

FAB. 30.

The Wolfe *and painted* Head.



WIthin a Painters ſhop a *Wolfe* eſpies
The figure of a mans *Head* carv'd in wood,
Which viewing well, on all ſides caſts his eyes,
But when he ſaw, and rightly underſtood
It was not what it ſeem'd in outward ſhow,
O head moſt fairely fram'd cries with diſdain,
That man ſhould ſo much skill on thee beſtow,
Yet neither ſenſe nor Art in thee remaine.

The MORALL.

EXternall ſhape and beauty of the face,
Decks not a Man; but the internall grace.

Fab. 31.

The Iay *and* Peacocke.



THe *Jay* her ſelfe with *Peacocks* plumes adornes,
And faire in her owne fancie, proudly ſcornes
Her fellow *Jayes*; and doth aſſociate
Her ſelfe amongſt the *Peacocks*; but their ſtate
Brooking no ſuch deceit, when they perceiv'd
Her fooliſh pride, they quickly her bereav'd
Of all gay feathers, with diſgrace expell
Her from their preſence quite, againe to dwell
Amongſt her equalls, who with ſcoffes deride
Her borrow'd ſhape, and too ambitious pride.

The Morall.

AMbitious unthrifts ſo, that vainely ſpend
Their wealth, and above themſelves aſpire, in th'end,
When they no longer can their pride maintaine,
Prove beggers, reaping nothing but diſdaine.

Fab. 20.

The Coachman, *and his creaking* Wheeles.



A *Coachman* driving in a full cariere,
Amidst his speed a creaking *Wheele* did heare
More loud then all the rest; who asking why,
Or where the causes lay, straight this reply
His *Chariot* made.

The Morall.

Oft crazie folke do so,
And grone when they the pains of sickneſſe show

Fab. 33.
The Ant *and the* Fly.



THe boasting *Flie* upbraids the painfull *Ant*,
That she ignoble was, and much did want
The dainty fare whereon *Flies* daily feed,
While in the Courts of Kings their lives they lead,
Sucking the self same liquor, feeding too
On the same meat, as Princes us'd to do:
But she poore *Emmet* on the ground did creep,
And her base dwelling onl' in Mole-hills keep,
Feeding on roots; and thinnest Water made
Her choicest drink. But the *Emmet* answering, said
Fond braggard, cease thy boasting though our fare
Is not so rich as yours, yet know we share
Nothing but what we rightly call our own,
Their labour for; whereas you none
When they but what you get by stealth,
Prove begger urloin from others wealth,

For

For which y' are ſcorn'd of all, and ſcarce can move
One minute ſafe: we purchaſe all mens love,
And by our painfull induſtry do give
Inſtruction t' other Creatures how to live;
Storing for Winter, you perchance a day
May richly feed, and all the Summer play
And hunt about, but if one nipping Froſt
Preſent it ſelf, your pleaſure all is loſt,
Not able to withſtand the ſmalleſt cold,
Nor yet for want of Food your lives to hold
One little Winter; while in midſt of heat,
We gather ſuſtenance with pain and ſweat,
That by our gatherings we may live at eaſe,
When you for want of due relief deceaſe.

The MORALL.

THe Gallants riot and his vain expence
Is here expreſt, the Plough-mans providence:
Where, while one waſts, the other gathers wealth,
And though obſcurely, lives in perfect health.

FAB. 34.

The Ape *and* Fox.



AMong the Beasts a generall Counsell held;
The *Ape* fantasticke (with Ambition swold)
Boasteth that she should by consent of them
Be King, and weare the regall Diadem:
Which the *Fox* envying, when he had found
A secret Trap plac'd underneath the ground,
And baited with raw flesh, by sly deceit,
He draws the *Ape* along, shews her the bait,
And tells her there some hidden treasure lay,
Which none but th' hand of Kings might bear away.
So wills the *Ape* to enter and receive
Her right; the *Ape* did easily beleeve
The crafty *Fox*; and ventures on the Trap;
Which she no sooner touch'd, but the poor *Ape*

Was fast inclos'd; where having staid a while
She raileth at the *Fox*, who with a smile
This answer gives; fond *Ape*, why dost complain?
In that strong Kingdome thou maist solely raigne.

The Morall.

WHo rashly so to place of rule aspire,
And crown themselvs in their own fond desire,
Ere they have reach'd their wish, fall in some snare,
And by the common people scoffed are.

Fab. 35.

The Oxe *and the* Toad.



THe *Toad* beholds the *Oxes* comely stature,
And envying to see so large a Creature,

How he in greatneſſe did her farre excell,
Colle&teth all her venome, 'gins to ſwell,
And queſtions of her Daughter ſtanding by,
Whether the *Oxe* or ſhe ſeems in her eye
The fairer now? the Daughter anſwerd ſtraight,
Good Mother ceaſe your ſwelling, leſt too late
Your folly you repent, and burſt; for ſtrive
Till death, you can to no ſuch height arrive:
Yet neretheleſſe the *Toad* attempts again;
The third time too, untill with extreme pain
The poyſon burſteth through her tender skin,
Not able longer now to keep it in.

The MORALL.

NAture all guifts beſtoweth upon none;
Some wiſe we ſee, ſome faire, ſome crooked grown,
Wherewith all ſhould content them, and not be
Envious at anothers quality.

FAB. 36.

The Lyon *and the* Horſe.



HVngry, yet weak with age, A *Lyons* mind
Is to devoure a luſty *Horſe* inclin'd;
Yet durſt not ſeiſe on him, by open ſtrength,
And therfore with himſelf thus plots at length
T' inſinuate with him, and by ſome ſly way,
The *Horſe* into his power to betray;
The *Lyon* therfore feignes himſelf to be
Skilfull in th' Art of learn'd Chirurgery,
Boaſting what wondrous Cures he had done:
But th' *Horſe* perceives his craft;& making mone,
Replies Grave Sr. none hath more need of you,
Nor more deſires your help, then now I do;
For leaping yeſterday the hedge, a prick
Strook in my Hoof, and there ſo faſt doth ſtick,

That I by no meanes can pluck out the ſame,
But fear if it ſhould feſter, 'twould me lame;
Your kind aſſiſtance therfore, Sir, I beg:
The *Lyon* wills him ſhow to him his leg,
Which lifting up, the *Lyon* comes to view (threw
The place, but looking cloſe, th' *Horſe* back ward
His hardned hoof, and on the forehead ſtrook
The *Lyon*, that he fell'd him, then betook
Himſelf t' his nimbleſt ſpeed, and poſts away;
Leaving the *Lyon*; who ſore wounded lay,
Strugling for life; which he recovering ſaid,
Thus for my folly I am well apayd.

The MORALL.

HE is the fearfulſt foe, who by pretence
Of love, ſeeks t' undermine pure Innocence:
And merits moſt revenge, when open foes
May eaſly be withſtood with open blowes.

FAB 37.
The Dog *and the* Sheep.



A *Dog* the harmleſſe *Sheep* arraignes,
Pretending ſhe from him detaines
A loaf of bread (by bond long due.)
So cenſure each way doubtfull flew,
Till witneſſes produced are
On the *Dogs* part; too potent farre
For the injur'd *Sheep*; whoſe innocence,
(Arm'd with an unſtain'd Conſcience)
Proof ſufficient as ſhe thought,
No other teſtate with her brought:
When the *Vulture*, *Wolfe*, and *Kite*,
Sonnes of Murder, Rapine, Spite,
And enemies t' an honeſt cauſe,
(Too many ſuch abuſe the Lawes)
With execrable [illegible]
The doubt was ſtrucke to th' *Wolfe* [illegible]h r.

Juſtice

Juſtice then, whoſe cleareſt eye
Cannot through all corners prie
Of perjur'd ſoules, inforced ſtands,
With equall and impartiall hands,
The rigor of the Law to lay
Vpon the *Sheep*; who muſt obey
Though wrong'd; and ſubject to her foe,
Ev'n as he pleaſeth, ſuffer ſo:
Who, no ſooner ſentence paſt,
But with more than cruell haſt,
His malice grown to ripeneſſe, ſlew
The ſilly beaſt, to feaſt the Crew
That like to him in blood delight,
No friend by to maintain her right.

The MORAL.

THe worſt of hate and envie here is ſhown,
When to that height of wealth the rich are grown,
That they by bribing of falſe witneſſe can
Orethrow the poore, though honeſt-dealing, man;
And not alone impriſonment on him lay,
But often take both life and goods away.

FAB. 38.

The Wolf *and* Fox.



GLutted with over feeding in his den, when
The *Wolf* takes his repoſe, whoſe preſence
The *Fox* long miſt, he ſtraight ſuſpects that he
Had ſome proviſion gather'd ſecretly,
Which kept him in: deſirous of a ſhare:
For which he ſtraight doth to the *Wolf* repaire,
And with fair language greets him: asking why
So long they wanted his good Company.
The *Wolf* likes not his coming, and complains
A ſore diſeaſe his abſence now conſtraines,
Wiſhing the *Fox* his friendly prayers to ſend,
To *Iove* for him, that his diſeaſe may end.
So the deluded *Fox* departs, much griev'd
That he in's expectation was deceiv'd,

And

And changing grief to open malice, flies
To call the Shepheard, shewing him where lies
The lurking *Wolf*. The Shepheard plac'd his Net,
And kil'd the *Wolf*, which done, the *Fox* did get
Possession of his house and prey; but there
He long time staid not safe; for in that snare
Which caught the *Wolf*, the *Fox* entangled lay,
And for his treachery his life did pay.

The Morall.

Sicilian Tyrants never yet could find
A greater Torment, than an envious mind,
Which gnawes the heart, untill it self deprive
It self of joy, to see another thrive.

Fab. 39.

The Horſe *and the* Aſſe.



A ſtately *Horſe*, with Trappings richly deckt,
Champing the foaming bit, meets in his way
A loaden *Aſſe*, whom he thus proudly checkt,
Villaine, how dar'ſt thou thus our journey ſtay?
Quickly give place, and ſtop not my careere
Leſt with my feet I force thee; if thou ſtand
In this preſumption long: the *Aſſe* for feare
Though loaden ſore, obeyeth his command.
And lets him paſſe; the *Horſe* runs ſwiftly on,
Needing no ſpurre; the courage of his mind
Hurry'd him forward: but e're far h'had gone,
He burſt a gut, and became broken wind;
Which when his Maſter ſaw, and that his *Horſe*
Wanted that ſwiftneſſe as before he had,

Deems

Deems him not able to maintain the courſe,
And fit for nothing but a Carriers pad;
He therfore ſells him unto one, that ſtraight
Loads his proud back with Hampers; whom th'
Meeting again out of his ſtately gate, (*Aſſe*
Thus ſcoffingly derideth as they paſſe:
Alack my friend, wher's now thy golden bit,
Thy ſtately Saddle, what's become of all
Thy rich attire, how bereft of it?
Didſt thou into contempt thus baſely fall?

The Morall.

Many in proſperous ſtate are puffed ſo, (know,
They ſcarce themſelves or their own beings
'Till adverſe Fortune turning her croſſe wheele,
They headlong to their own deſtruction reele;
And onely this to their ſad fate can ſay,
I once was rich, now fallen to decay.

FAB. 40.

The Birds *and* Beasts.



BEtwixt the wing'd Inhabitants of th' Aire
And fourfoot *Beasts*, fierce wars incenced were
The fight was fierce and doubtfull, but the strong
And active *Beasts*, seem'd the best warriours long:
For which the *Bat* forsakes her winged crew,
And treacherously into their army flew;
But when the *Birds* the *Eagle* chosen had
To lead their Hoast, and him their Sov'raign made,
The *Birds* orethrew the *Beasts*; so now the *Bat*
Would fain agen unto the *Birds* retreat:
But not admitted, they her guilty find
Of highest Treason, and her straight confin'd
From their Dominions, charging her no more,
On pain of life, by day in th' Aire to sore;

But

But lurking from the ſight of them, by night,
When others go to reſt, begin her flight.

The MORALL.

NO faithfull ſubject ought for refuge fly
From his own Countrey: to an Enemy.
For who his Native ſoyle leaves in diſtreſſe,
Ought ever to be barr'd her happineſſe.

FAB. 41.
Of the Stag.



THe glorious Sun diſplaies his beames
Vpon the faire and gliſtering ſtreames,
Whither the *Hart* repaires to drink,
And ſtanding on the Rivers brink,

Growes

Growes proud to ſee the ſpredding hornes
Which his moſt ſtately brow adorne:
But looking farther, when he ſpies
His little feet and ſlender thighes.
Diſmay'd he ſtands that they ſhould be
Supporters of ſuch Majeſty;
Whiles muſing thus, at length he heares
The noyſe of Hounds, when ſtruck with feares,
Away he poſts, and takes the Wood,
Where he ſuppos'd moſt ſafety ſtood:
But in his flight, his ragged Hornes
Still faſtning 'mongſt the thickeſt thornes,
Witheld his ſwiftneſſe, ſo that he
Became a prey t' his enemy,
Who thus complains before his death,
Why boaſter with unhallowed breath,
Didſt thou commend thy branchers ſo
Which now do prove thy ovethrow:
And thy ſwift feet more proudly ſcorn;
Which, hadſt thou kept the Plaines had born
Thee ſwifter then the whiſtling winde,
And thy purſuers left behind.

The MORALL.

SOnſefull things too often we reject,
Becauſe not faire in ſhow; but ſtill reſpect
The Worlds gay vanities, which rather throw
Deſtruction on us, then a good beſtow.

FAB. 42.

The Viper *and the* File.



A *Viper* finds a hardned File and gnawes
The ſame for anger twixt her poys'nous jaws;
To whom the ſmiling File replies; fond Aſſe,
What doſt attempt? thou maiſt devoure Braſſe
With far more eaſe than me; for ſtrongeſt Steel
Yeelds to my ſtrength, if it my hardneſſe feel.

The MORALL.

CContend not raſhly, leſt orecome with ſtrength,
Wholly the harm redound to thee at length.

FAB. 43.

The Wolves *and the* Sheep.



WE often have by long experience ſeen (been
What hate betwixt the *Wolves* & *Sheep* hath
But now a League is made; and pledges are
On Both ſides given, leſt a future war
Vnjuſtly might ariſe, the ſilly *Sheep*
Delivered up their Dogs that wont to keep
Their Confines ſafe; the *Wolves* with willing heart
Vnto the *Sheep* do with their young ones part.
So the *Sheep* walk to Paſture quietly; (cry,
Who abſent, the young *Wolves* ſtraight houle and
Wanting their Dams to ſuckle them; which noiſe,
When the *Wolvs* heard, knowing their young ones
They the ungarded *Sheep* at Paſture take, (voice,
And them a prey to their injuſtice make.

The MORALL.

VVHen thou a League concludeſt with thy foe,
Conſult what pledges from thy part may go,
Leſt weakned by their abſence thy baſe foe
Make that pretence to worke thy overthrow.

FAB. 44.

The Wood *and the* Clown.



WHen Trees had ſpeech, 'tis ſaid in time of yore
A Country-man demanded from their ſtore,
That they to him would one ſmall Shrub afford,
To make his Axe a helve, the Trees accord:
But he no ſooner fitted had the ſame,
When back again unto the Wood he came,

And

And lopt down all the Trees; who mournfull cry,
And weep for their too soon facility,
That they by granting his desire had wonne,
Their own sad ruine and destruction.

The MORALL.

BEware to whom thou giv'st, for soon there be,
That with most ill requite a courtesie.

FAB. 45.
The Belly *and* Members.



THe hands and feet the Belly did accuse
Of sloth, and now to feed it do refuse,
Bidding her labour too, else she no more
Should that devoure, which they did labour for;

The belly' intreats them earneſtly, but they
The more deny; and her Complaints gainſay.
Vntill through want of food ſhe 'gins to faint,
And the other members ſuſtenance do want;
Which th'hand,& feet perceiving, and how breath
Began to faile, for feare of haſty death,
Their folly they repent, and now would fain
Recover ſtrength, and fall to worke again.
But 'tis too late, for being at firſt deny'd,
The whole decay can never be ſupply'd.
Since the Chief member dying, hands and all,
Supportleſſe muſt in the ſame ruine fall.

The MORALL.

LOok what eſtate we in our body ſee,
The ſame concordance muſt in Kingdomes be;
Friends muſt their friends ſupport and all unite,
T'uphold the chief, Leſt while his good they ſlight,
If in the State a diſſolution grow,
They pluck on them a generall overthrow.

FAB. 46.

The Wolf *and the* Dog.



SLeeping without a doore a *Dog* did ly,
On whom the *Wolf* did ſeiſe unwarily,
And would have ſlain him, till with ſpeeches fair
The *Dog* intreats him yet his life to ſpare,
Till he could fatter grow, as yet he ſaw
His skin ſtuck to his ribs, his fleſh but raw,
And little worth, but if he pleas'd to ſtay
A while for him; his Maſter the next day
His Nuptialls kept, providing ſumptuous feaſts
For entertainment of invited Gueſts,
And there ſhould he have happy time to feed,
And gather fleſh, then if the *Wolf* had need,
His life he would into his hands commit,
And he at's pleaſure ſhould diſpoſe of it.
Whereat the *Wolf* diſmiſt him; Homeward ſtalks
The *Dog*; the *Wolf* into the Forreſt walks.

But e're long time was ſpent the *Wolf* retires,
And full performance of the *Dog* requires
Of his laſt promiſe; but the *Dog* within,
Then ſleeping ſafe enough, reply'd agen;
Yea, *Wolf*, when next I nod without the doore,
Take me, and truſt to Nuptialls no more.

The MORALL.

TIs wiſedome, when you once a danger ſhun,
Never again on the like hazard run.

FAB. 47.

The Ape *and the* Fox.



A Tayl-leſſe *Ape* intreats the *Fox*, whoſe taile
Buſhy and great upon the ground did trail,

To

To lend her part, since he some well might spare,
Having too much, and not his store impaire;
Friend, quoth the *Fox* content thy self; for were
My tayle twice bigger, thou getst not a haire,
Among the dirt my tayle should rather slide,
Than the least scruple cover thy backside.

THE MORALL.

TOo many Misers so, e're to the poore
They'l give a doit, will let them starve at doore.

FAE. 48.

The Fox *and* Grapes.



REynard walks through a Vinyard wher he spies
Larg clusters of fair *Grapes*, whose greedy eyes
Fixt

Fixt full on them, inflame his ſtrong deſire
To gather ſome; but when too low t' aſpire
That height, poore *Reynard* ſaw his reach to be,
And that by no meanes he could get them, he,
Departs in peace, and onely this did ſay, (ſtay.
Tuſh, they're but green and tart, not worth my

The MORALL.

TIs better ſleight, than earneſtly deſire
Such things as are impoſſible t' acquire.

FAB. 49.

The Fox *and* Weeſell.



A *Fox* with faſting long, thinne, lean and poore,
Seeks entrance at a Farmers Garner doore;

But

But that being lockt, at length he views a place
Broke in the Wall, which he might easily passe,
And in he goes, where meeting his desire,
He stuft his guts so full, that to retire
When he attempted, he could find no way,
His big swoln belly did his passage stay.
Whom thus the *Weesell* Counsells, if from thence
He would depart, he must have patience
Vntill his paunch as empty grow, and thin,
As 'twas at first when he there entred in.

The MORALL.

THis Fable showes, how glad, and void of care,
Many, with meane estates contented are:
But stuff'd with wealth, what troubles of the mind
And anxious feares rich Misers daily find.

Fab. 50.

The Foxe *and* Hunters.



Reinard purſu'd leaves all the Dogs behind,
And takes the wood for ſafety, yet could find
Small ſhelter there, untill at length he ſpies
A Wood-man cleaving logs, to whom he cries,
My friend, if thou a ſecret place canſt ſhow
Where cloſely layd, I may eſcape my foe,
I much ſhall ſtand ingag'd to thee; the man
Tells him, and in poore *Reinard* ſwiftly ran.
The *Hunters* ſo approch, but loſt the ſent;
Who aske the man, if the *Foxe* that way went,
While he there wrought, the *Woodman* anſwers no,
Yet points to th' place wherein the *Foxe* did go,
To hide himſelfe; the unbelieving men
Call off their Dogs, and ſo returne agen;
Who being gone, the *Foxe* in ſecret peeps
Out of his hole, and ſeeing all quiet, creeps

And

And ſteales away; to whom the *Wood man* cries,
Friend, you may thanke me for my courteſies,
I ſav'd your life; Tis true, quoth *Reinard*, then,
If your hands quiet as your tongue had been,
Full many thankes you had deſerv'd as due,
And I'd have rendred thouſands unto you.

The MORALL.

THis Fable *here diſplaies the Falſitie*
Of thoſe, whoſe words and actions diſagree,
But fairely ſeeme to promiſe unto all,
Yet faile when they ſhould to performance call.

FAB. 51.
The Wolfe *and the* Sicke Aſſe.



SIcke of a ſtrong diſeaſe th' *Aſſe* keeps his bed,
And by his neighbour *Beaſts* is viſited;

Mongſt

Mong'ſt whom the *Wolfe* ſeemes chiefly to deplore
The *Aſses* griefe, and faintly at the doore
Askes of the young *Aſse* how his *Father* ſped,
'Twould joy him t' heare that he recovered:
To whom the Aſſe reply'd, hee's better farre
Than towards him your faigned wiſhes are.

The MORALL.

SO many men ſeeme penſive oft, and ſad
For others harmes, whereof they moſt are glad.

FAB. 52.

The Man *and* Lyon.



A *Man* and *Lyon* walking, in their way
Eſpy'd a ſtony *Pillar* to diſplay

Graven

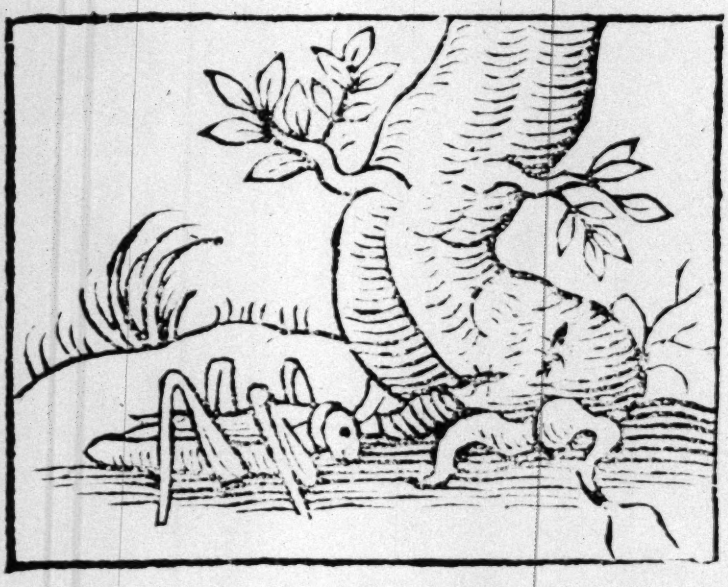
Graven thereon, the Image of a man,
Which had a Lion conquerd; ſo began
Awhile to gaze, then ſome diſcourſes hold,
While thus the *Man* that *Emblem* did unfold:
See mighty *Beaſt*, how ſtrong and ſtout we are,
When one ſole *Man*'s become a conquerer
And maſters one of you: To whom agen
The *Lion* anſwers, could Beaſts paint like Men,
You'ld finde that *Lions* on more *Men* have fed,
Than by *Men* ever have beene vanquiſhed.

THE MORAL.

VAin Boaſters here are ſhown who brag t'have done
Acts, which they never durſt adventure on.

Fab. 53.

The Ant *and the* Grashopper.



THe *Grashopper* in Winter feeling want,
Goes for relieſe unto the painfull *Ant*,
Who anſwers thus; How comes it that you are
So needy growne? was not the Summer faire,
And ſeaſonable too, clothing the ground
With Fruits that did moſt plenteouſly abound?
And couldſt thou then neglect to gather ſtore
For winter, that thou wanteſt now, before
That ſeaſon halfe is ſpent: t' whom this reply
The *Grashopper* returnes, in ſummer I
With my ſhrill voice did pleaſant muſick make
For mans delight, when as abroad to take
The pleaſure of the fields they walke; If then
Anſwers the *Ant*, you ſo could pleaſure men

With

With your ſhrill notes & ſongs in ſummers prime?
You beſt were now to dance in winter time:
Leſt if it chance to freeze, the winters cold
VPon your halfe-ſtarv'd carcaſſe take ſuch hold,
That ſhould you get a cough, your hoarſer throt
Next ſummer ſcarſely yield ſo ſweet a note.

The MORALL.

OVr careleſſe Epicureans ſo,
not mindfull to prepare
For future iimes, but waſting all,
to begg'ry driven are;
And pine, with huger and with ſtore oppreſt,
When the induſtrious man, with ſtore is bleſt.

Fab. 54.
The Crow *and the* Sheep.



A *Crow* upon a *Sheepes* backe proudly ſtands,
And ſeemingly the harmleſſe Beaſt commands
With her harſh voice: to her thus ſpake the *Sheep*,
Wherfore doſt thou ſo hatefull noiſes keep?
And me diſturbe? if here a Dog were nigh,
You durſt not lift your voice up halfe ſo high,
That's true replies the *Crow*; I domineere
Onely o'r them that dare doe nought but feare.

The Morall.

This Fable *ſhewes that honeſt harmleſſe men*
Oft greateſt injuries doe ſuffer, when
A dogged wrangling Neighbour lives at reſt,
As if none durſt diſturb, or him moleſt.

FAB. 55.
The Olive-tree *and the* Reed.



WHile th'*Olive tree* and *Reed* a conference held
Which ſtood moſt firm & ſtrong, or leaſt did (yeeld
To forcing *winds*, the unmov'd *Olive-tree*
Deriding the *Reeds* flexibilitie,
To ſee it like a wave toſt ev'ry way
By each ſmall blaſt, when at one conſtant ſtay
She ſtill remain'd; the *Reed* gives no replie,
But ſtands quite mute; till the *wind* riſing high,
A violent guſt came tumbling o'r the field,
And paſt the bending *Reed*, but ſoon compell'd
The *Olive* ſtoop, and from the ground did teare
Her roots that erſt ſo ſtrongly ſeated were.

MORAL.

MEn, *like the* Reeds, *whoſe eaſie natures winde,*
And wheele about, as they occaſion find

For their owne ends, endure longer farre
Than those who ſtubborn and contentious are.

FAB. 56.

The Foxe *and the* Cat.



Reinard ſits boaſting to th'ingenious *Cat*,
What ſev'ral ſhifts he had, firſt this: then that.
When he intends his *Hunters* to delude:
I muſt confeſſe (quoth *Puſſe*) they ſeem full good,
And ſafe withall; yet I alaſſe have none,
Except it be one ſilly ſcape alone;
Which failing, I've no more: With that a crie
Of full mouth'd *Hounds* approach them ſuddenly:
Forrcing th'affrighted *Foxe* away to flee;
The nimble *Cat* skips up into a tree,
And ſits there ſafe; while the *Dogs* by her went
Vnſcene, but follow *Reinard* by the ſent;

Whoſe

Whose hundred shifts avail'd not now at all,
The *Hounds* pursu'd him to his funerall.

MORAL.

TIs not a multitude of shallow drifts,
Which shunne an eminent danger; for such shifts
Are not halfe so much prevalent as one
With deep and solid wit consulted on.

FAB. 57.

The Dog *and the* Oxe.



A Nenvious *Dog* that sleeping lay
Vpon a bundle of fresh hay,
Snarles at the *Oxe*, which thither came.
Hungry, to feed upon the same,

And drives him backe: Whereat the *Oxe*
This curse upon the *Dog* invokes,
May the just gods so punish thee,
As thou unjustl' oppos'st me,
Who that, whereon thou canst not feed,
With-hold'st from me in my need.

The MORALL.

I'th' world too many such like men there are,
Who rather than they'l ought to others spare
For their relief, will to themselves detaine
Things of small use, perhaps of smaller gaine.

FAB. 58.

The Eagle, the Crow, and the Shepherd.



THe *Eagle* ſeiſes on a *Lambe* for prey,
And mounting, lightly beareth it away:
Which th'apiſh *Crow* perceiving, thinks that ſhe
Might as adventrous as the *Eagle* be;
And with as good ſucceſſe, and equall power,
Seiſe on another *Lambe*, and that devoure.
With which ſurmiſe puffd up, ſhe ſwiftly flies,
And with loud ſcramings, ſhrill & hideous cries,
Intangled ſo her clawes within the thick
Rough curled wool, and there ſo faſt did ſtick,
That riſing, as ſhee thought to beare with her
The *Lambe* aloft, ſhe neither it could ſtir,
Nor yet her ſelfe unlooſe; which conflict, when
The *Shepherd* (who remained within ken)

Had well beheld, he runnes and takes the *Crow*,
Then clips her wings, and to his boyes did throw
The silly *Bird*; who sport and with her play,
While she from them cannot escape away;
But thus lamenting, cries; O now I see
That simple *Crowes* will never *Eagles* bee.

The Moral.

So Men who vainly 'bove themselves aspire,
Ere they possesse the height of their desire,
Not onely faile in their attempt, but fall
Beneath themselves, inferiour to all.

Fab. 59.

The Cat *and the* Cock.



A *Cat* upon the *Cock* layes violent hands,
With full intent that watchfull Bird to kill:
Of whom the *Cocke* before his death demands
Why ſo unjuſtly ſhe his blood would ſpill?
The Cat replies; Villain, when Men ſhould reſt,
And undiſturbed in their houſes lie,
Thy nightly crowings their ſound ſleeps moleſt;
Which to prevent, thou inſtantly ſhalt die.
Alaſſe, quoth *Chaunticleere*, my voice affrights
Not any; but more helps than damnifies;
By that men know the waſting of the nights,
And with the early morning when to riſe.
Admit, quoth *Puſſe*, I grant thee this excuſe,
Yet greater crimes than that hang o'r thy head;

Thy

Thy kindred thou inceſtuouſly doſt uſe,
Not ſparing thoſe are neereſt, but doſt tread
With equall luſt thy Siſters, and ev'n Her
Who hatcht and gave thee being: Does not then
This merit death? No, anſwers *Chaunticleere*,
Nature confines not us as ſhe doth men,
Wholly to one. Tuſh, quoth the *Cat*, I ſee
Y' are frequent in your babling, when you pleaſe,
Whoſe empty ſounds can nothing profit me,
Nor to my eager appetite give eaſe;
Your life I covet, and 'tis that alone,
Without excuſe, which I muſt ſeiſe upon.

The Morall.

SO great men cruſh the poore, and make their will
The only cauſe of their oppreſſion ſtill.

FAB 60.

The Man *and his* wooden Image.



AN *Image* carv'd in wood (ſuch men of old
Eſteem'd as gods) and inly lin'd with gold,
One too prophanely often had ador'd,
As often too its vainer help implor'd,
When need compell'd; yet could it yield him none
Vntill the *Man* with begging wearie growne,
Changes his ſtrong devotion into rage,
Which his fine *god* could not withſtand, or ſwage,
And 'gainſt the ground the carved *Image* throwes,
From whoſe interiour parts abundance flowes
Of pureſt gold: whereat the joyfull *Man*,
Breaking int' open paſſion, thus began;
Vain thing, how long haſt thou deluded me?
That while with worſhip I did rev'rence thee,

Thou

Thou could'ſt no help afford? yet for one blow
In my juſt anger, doſt this wealth beſtow?

The MORALL.

Moſt men are ſo inclin'd to private gaines,
That till the power of Juſtice them conſtraines,
They'l rather uſeleſſe hord, than part with, what
May beneficiall prove to'th' publike ſtate.

FAB. 61.

The Fiſher *and the dancing* Fiſhes.



AN artleſſe *Fiſher* with his bag-pipe goes
To catch the ſportive *Fiſhes*; in he throwes
His Net; and on his Pipe beginnes to play;
But that ſtrange noiſe drives all the *Fiſh* away;

That

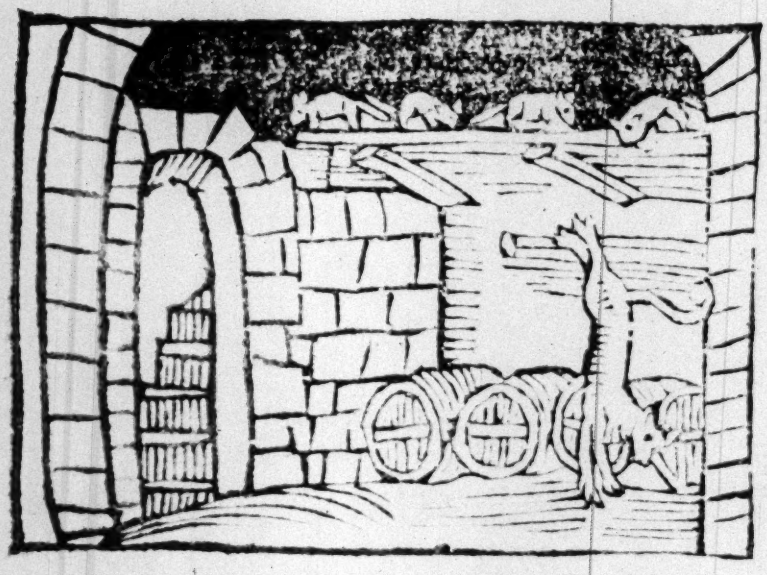
That when he deem'd his Net was fully fraught,
And drew the ſame, juſt nothing was his draught:
Whereat abaſh'd, he layd his Big-pipe by,
Going agen to worke morke more ſilently;
And with ſhort expectation meets his wiſh,
And drawes the laden Net with well-grown *Fiſh*;
Which feeling the dry earth, and wanting now
What water ſhould for ſuſtenance allow,
As it were ſtriving with a ſtrong deſire,
Into their proper element to retire,
They leap and dance upon the graſſie ſhore;
Which ſight unuſuall to the *Man* before,
He thus exclames; Dull fooles, that ſport & play,
And dance, I having laid my pipe away,
Yet when I playd unto you, would not ſhew
Leſt ſigne of mirth, but from my muſick flew:

The Moral.

THings ſeaſonably done move our reſpects,
But elſe produce ridiculous effects.

Fab. 62.

The Cat *and the* Mice.



A *Cat* too pow'rfull for the little *Mice*,
Assaults them single, and by that device
Devoures a multitude; till at the last,
(When the *Mice* saw their number daily wast)
They call a generall counsell, and decree
That thenceforth none should so adventrous be
To straggle downe, but closely to remaine
Above, and in those bounds themselves containe,
Whither the *Cat* by no meanes could ascend:
To this command all glad attention lend,
And not a *Mouse* peeps forth. The *Cat* at length
Suspects the plot; & thinks now wit, not strength,
Must work her ends; who faigning her selfe dead,
Vpon a pale her hind-legs fastened,

And

And downward hangs, by that meanes to deceive
The *Mice*; yet they her falſehood not believe,
But ſcoffing crie, This is too weake a bait
T'intrap us now; Goe practiſe thy deceit
With thoſe who never thy deluſions knew;
Perchance ſuch eaſie fooles may credit you.

The MORALL.

BVrnt Children dread the fire: And by one
Miſchance inſtructed, Wiſe men future ſhun.

FAB. 63.

The Fowler, *the* Dove, *and the* Emmet.



The little *Emmet*, thirſty, goes to drink;
Where, as ſhe ſippeth at the rivers brink,

A flo-

A floting wave o'rwhelmes her; nor could shee
Escape its force; till from a neighb'ring tree
A gentle *Dove* crops off a tender twig,
And drops it in the river; on which sprig
The half-drownd *Emmet* crawls, & scapes to shore
Safe from the danger she was in before.
This done, a crafty *Fowler*, viewing where
The *Dove* sate perchd, approcheth her, and there
Beginnes to place his Nets; the *Ant* descries
His cunning practice, and for curtesies
Receiv'd, that hee might not ingratefull prove,
Thus plots a way to free the harmlesse *Dove*:
The *Fowler* being busie at his worke,
(Though closely from the *Pigeons* sight he lurke)
The little *Emmet* bites him by the heele;
Which sudden smarting when the man did feele,
Losing his hold, the Nets fall from his hand,
The noise whereof makes the *Dove* understand
The *Fowlers* mischiefe, and with winged speed
Post swiftly away, from so great danger freed.

The Morall.

If things irrationall so gratefull bee,
Learn, Man, what Duty doth belong to thee:
For if thou any man ingratefull call,
Of bad thou giv'st him the Titles all.

FAB. 64.
The unfortunate Flie.



A *Pot* of flesh being seething on the fire,
A *Flie* by chance into the same did fall;
The heat and steame where of made here expire;
At which the Flie, seeing no help at all
For her escape, thus speaks, Why should I grieve
At such a noble death? for if I die,
I do not starv'd and pin'd my fate receive,
Wanting relefe my need to satisfie.

The MORALL.

DEath unresisted Wise men never feare,
But with an equall mind all sufferings beare.

FAB. 65.

The Fox *and* Buſh.



PVrſu'd with danger upon every ſide,
The *Fox* flies to a Buſh himſelf to hide,
Which entred, by ill chance a thorn did ſtick
Vpright, and the poor *Foxes* tramplers prick,
Who ſorely pain'd, laments, O envious Tree,
That while I ſeek for refuge unto thee
Torments me thus; the *Buſh* replies, My friend,
Y'are much deceiv'd, for know you did intend
Me to intrap, as oft you others doe,
For which deceit I have rewarded you.

The MORALL.

IF help of any man thou wouldſt implore,
Firſt be adviſ'd, and know him well before
You truſt too farre; for many are ſo prone
To miſchief, that they can do good to none.

FAB. 66.

The Hawke *and the* Birds.



THe *Hawk* proclaimes a ſolemn feſtivall,
And to that ſumptuous Feaſt inviteth all
The Birds; They not miſtruſting danger come:
And th' *Hawk* conducts them to a ſpatious room,
Which enter'd, ſtraight ſhe maketh faſt the doore,
And ſurely locking them within her power,
Beyond the expectation of her Gueſts,
Inſtead of them, her ſelf alone ſhe feaſts,
And murders all, not ſparing one to be
The ſad relater of that Tragedie.

The MORALL.

TIs dangerous to truſt profeſſed foes,
For by faire words gilt ore with faigned ſhowes
Of ſeeming love, more blood they do devoure
Then twenty battells fought with equall power.

Fab. 67.
Mercury *and the* Carpenter.



CLose by a River side a Coppice stood,
In which a *Carpenter* was hewing wood
T' erect a Temple; but in's labour crost,
His Axe flew from his hand, and quite was lost
And buried in the waters; the Man sits down,
Calls on the Gods, and sadly making moane
For his mischance, at length kind *Mercury*
Heares his request; presenting to his eye
A golden *Axe*, demanding if the same
Belong'd to him? but he doth it disclaim:
The God the next a silver one did shew;
But the poore honest man denies that too:
The third time *Mercury* produc'd his own,
At sight whereof the poore Man joyfull grown;
He gladly takes; which justice when the God
In him beheld, he not alone bestow'd

What

What was his own, but gave him both the other.
The Man, who ſuch good fortune could not ſmo-
Relates all to his fellows: 'mongſt which one, (ther
Hoping the like, with all his ſpeed did run,
And being arrived at that happy place,
Throwes in his *Axe*, and mourning his ſad caſe,
He calls on *Mercury*, who heares his prayer,
And ſtraightway comes preſenting to him there
A golden *Axe*, demanding if the ſame
Were his, the Man falſly to it layes claim,
And anſwers yea; whoſe falſe deluſion when
The God perceives, he flies from him agen,
And leaves the ſilly Couſner all alone,
Without reſtoring ſo much as his own.

The MORAL.

GOds juſtice here is ſhown, who, as H'affects
The Righteous, ſo the wicked he rejects.

Fab. 68.
The Theefe *and his* Mother.



A Knaviſh boy, at ſchoole had ſtole a booke,
Brings it t'his *Mother*; who with a ſmiling look
Seemes more the *Boy* to cheriſh, than chaſtiſe,
Or check him for his childiſh knaveries.
Whereat the *Boy* grew expert in his trade,
And theft of ſomething his day labour made;
She ſtill the ſame upholding; till grown man,
Small trifles pleas'd him not, but he began
To catch at greater baits; for which at laſt,
Being attach'd, he is arraign'd and caſt
At Seſſions for his death; (the *Thieſes* reward;)
Then drawn to execution. She that ſhar'd
Both in his birth and fall, with griefe and ſhame,
Walks weeping by him; till in ſight he came
Of the ſad fatall Gallowes, where with teares
He begs one whiſper in his *Mothers* eares.

Tis

Tis granted; and his *Mother* lends her head
To heare his laſt requeſt; but he, in ſtead
Of whiſpring to her, faſtneth in her eare
His teeth, and doth the fleſh with anger teare;
For which unnat'rall act reprov'd, by ſome,
That to his execution did come,
He cries, Oh friends, had ſhe chaſtiz'd at firſt,
And not my childiſh theft ſo fondly nurſt,
As if ſhe well allow'd it, I had bin
Free from this ſhamefull end, and horrid ſin.

The MORALL.

TOo many Children ſo, are bound to curſe
Th'unhappy cock'ring of too fond a Nurſe,
That lulls them in their miſchiefe, till they run
Headlong upon their own confuſion;
Not able to retire; but being brought up
In pleaſure, poaſt to taſt of ſorrowes Cup.

Fab. 69.

The Old man *and his* two Wives.



ONe full of yeares, but yet so lusty growne,
With one wife could not rest content alone;
But he must wed again; Contention grew
Betwixt his *Wives*, his old one, and his new,
Which he should most affect: His first kind *Wife*
Thus plots to gaine his love, and end the strife;
She from his grisled head and beard doth call
All the black haires; his Second gray doth pull;
That he, or old or youthfull might appeare,
And whom he most resembled, so to steere
His love to them; but they so often strivd,
That through their emulation they deprivd
The poore man of his ornament in haire,
And made his head quite bald, and his face bare.

The

The MORAL.

THis shows that Wedlock *equal years doth crave,*
And not when thou hast one foot in the grave,
To wed with Venus, *lest grown bald, instead*
Of haire, some other thing adorne thine head.

FAB. 70.

The Husbandman, *and his* Three Sonnes.



A *Husband-man*, whose life was full of care,
To gather wealth, and against want prepare,
Grown rich, and having spun his left or daies,
Feeling his body subject to th' decaies
Of humane frailty; when his death drew nie,

Among

Among his *Sonnes* divideth equally
His wealth; and told them in his *Vin-yard* they
Should find in what estate their portions lay;
So he departs; his *Sonnes* dig up the ground,
And carefully survey the *Vin-yard* round,
Expecting hidden treasure: but find none,
Till to maturity the *Vines* were grown; (more,
Which, by their care in digging, brought forth
And larger *Grapes*, than many yeares before.

The MORAL.

BY Industrie true labour wealth shall find,
When Sloth lies in her hungry wishes pin'd.

FAB. 71.

The Nurſe *and* Wolfe.



A hungry *Wolfe* walks forth to ſeek a prey;
And by meere fortune heares a woman ſay
(Chiding her froward Child) forbeare to cry.
Or to the *Wolfe*, I'l throw thee preſently;
Glad of this newes, the *Wolfe* expects the Child,
And waiteth at the doore; but ſtrait with mild
Faire gentle ſtrokings, and ſweet Lullabies,
The Infant clos'd his tear-bedewed eyes,
And fell aſleep: which when the *Wolfe* perceiv'd,
And of his expectation quite bereav'd,
With bluſhes he returns into the Wood,
To ſeeke among the Trees ſome other food.

The MORAL.

THe Fable may this Obſervation afford,
How little truſt is in a woman's word;
The various affections of whoſe mind
More often change than the inconſtant Wind.

FAB. 72.

The Eagle *and* Tortiſe.



On promiſe that the *Tortoiſe* ſhould deſcry
Jewells that did upon ſome Mount lie,
The *Eagle* carries him aloft; but when
So high they flew, that they ſcarce earth could ken,
And the dull *Tortoiſe* fail'd of promiſe, She
Turning his ſcaſnie part, outrageouſly

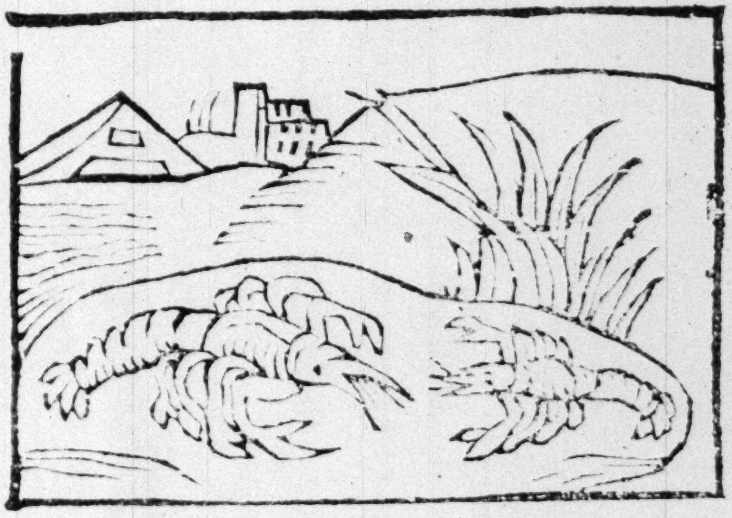
With-

Without all pitty kill'd her; and that houre
The vainly-boasting *Tortoise* did devoure.

The MORAL.

HE undisturb'd with stormes and tempests rides,
Whose unaspiring barke by th' calm shore glides,
When those who proudly plow the troubled Main,
Lie ship wrack'd, and their Anchors cast in vain.
So Man who lifts his thoughts above his estate,
Falls in th' attempt, and hastens his own Fate.

FAB. 73.
The Two Crabs.



BEtweene two *Crabs*, the *Mother* and the *Son*,
A conference held; the *Mother* thus begun
To check her young one, that he did not goe
A comely pace, but wadled to and fro;

To

To whom the *Son* reply'd, *Mother*, I pray,
Mend your gate firſt, and I ſhall find the way.

The Morall.

FIrſt ſet thy ſelfe upright, and then
Thou boldly maiſt check other men.

Fab. 74.

The Aſſe in the Lions *Skin.*



THe ſordid *Aſſe* had found a *Lions* Skin,
And wraps himſelfe unſeemingly therein:
At which unuſuall ſight, the trembling Herd
Of Beaſts amaz'd, are with his preſence fear'd,
And flie amaine; but when his Maſter came
Into the field, the *Aſſe* retires with ſhame:

For

For though a *Lion* he on every ſide
Appear'd, the Skin too ſhort his eares to hide;
Diſplaid him but an *Aſſe*; and at the ſight
Of 's Maſter, turnes his ſlowneſſe into flight,
To ſhunne his preſence; which beheld, the Man
Cries after him; Friend pray return again,
Thou ſeem'ſt as thou art to me, though here
Thou doſt thy fellow Beaſts with terrour feare;
With that corrects his folly with a blow,
That he no more may ſo preſumptuous grow.

The MORALL.

SEem what thou art, and not with borrow'd ſhapes,
Adorn thy ſelfe like one of the worlds Apes:
If learn'd diſpute; if rich, or nobly born,
So beare thy ſelfe, that thou deſerve not ſcorn.

Fab. 75.

The Foxe *and* Frog.



FOrsaking quite the Fens, the *Frog* would dwell
Among the Beasts, does with ambition swell,
And boast her skill in physick, with what art
She help to cure diseases could impart,
How dangerous soere. Most Beasts believe,
Except the *Foxe*, who will no credit give
To her proud words; but questions; How can ye
Think this vain boasters skill exact to be,
Whose colour is so pale? First let her try
To cure her own wan look, ere she apply
Physick to others; these approv'd we know
Doctors, whose cures not words, but art, can show.

The Morall.

AS empty Vessels give the greatest sound:
So Men lest knowing, with most brags abound.

FAB. 76.
The Two Dogges.

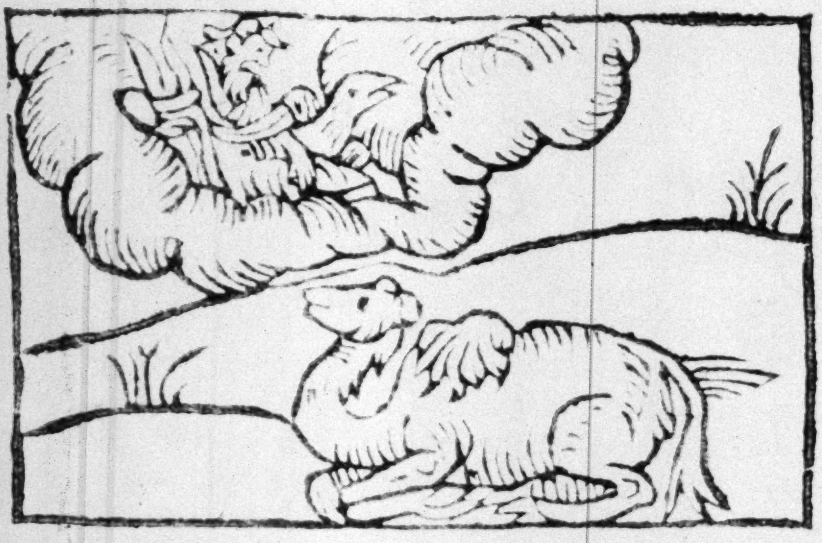


A Leering *Curre*; who slily, unaware
Oft bit before he bark'd; his Masters care
Fastened a yoke on him; that men might know
His currish nature; and prevent him so.
The *Dog* growes proud, and thinks his yoke to be
Some badge of honour, or high dignitie,
Which his kind Master had on him bestow'd
But no such favour to his fellowes show'd:
At whose vain pride, one wiser than the rest,
Thus checks him; foole, what fancie hath possest
Thy idle brain, with gladnesse that t'imbrace
For honor, which was giv'n thee for disgrace?

The MORALL.

SVch are the bablers of these times, that boast
And glory'n actions which vitup'rate most.

FAB. 77.
Jupiter and the Camel.



THe *Camel* sadly doth to *Jove* complain,
That all the *Beasts* deride him, in disdain,
Because no ornament adorn'd his head;
When th' *Oxe*, and many more were honoured
With comely hornes their fronts to beautifie:
To whom the angry *god* gave this reply;
Since foole, thy folly leads thee, to despise
Our gifts, and covet others dignities,
Henceforth wee'l curb thy pride; and thou shalt beare
No hornes, nay lesse, upon thy head no eare.

THE MORAL.

HOw mean soever thy estate,
Contented rest, nor emulate
Anothers good; the Pow'r above
Knowes best whereto dispose his love.

Fab. 78.

The two Travellers *and the* Beare.



TWo *Men* together trav'lling met a *Beare*;
At ſight whereof they much affrighted were;
And doubtfull what to do; ſtraight one with ſpeed
Climbes up a tree, and from the danger freed
Himſelfe, regardleſſe of the other quite:
Yet he not void of ſhifts, invents a ſlight
To ſave his life, upon the ground did fall
Flat on his face, holding his breath with all
The pow'r he had; to whom approch'd the *Beare*,
And round about ſurvaid him ev'ry where:
But ſtill he held his breath: the *Beare* therfore
Which ſeldome feeds on Carrion, forbore
To ſearch him further, and ſo onward wends:
Who gone, the other from the tree deſcends;
And thus ſalutes his fellow; Friend, what cheare?
What did the wild Beaſt whiſper in thine eare?

The other anſwers; he forewarned me
To travell more with one ſo falſe as thee.

The Morall.

Vpon the Earth true frinds we find as rare
As black Swans in the ſilver rivers are.

Fab 79.
The Two Pots.



WIthin a Pool two *Pots* together meet, (fleet
One *earth*, the other *braſſe*; but th' *earth* too
For the ſlow *Braſſe*, is ſwiftly borne away;
The *Braſſe Pot* calls, and prayes the *Earthen* ſtay,
That they may ride together. No, replies
The *Earthen Pot*, great danger in it lies.

For

For ſhould I flote neere thee, thy harder ſide
Juſtled 'gainſt mine by the unconſtant tide,
Would cruſh my brittle ribs; and therfore I
At diſtance hold the moſt ſecurity.

The MORALL.

SCorne not thy equalls, to aſſociate
Thy ſelf with thoſe, whoſe power exceeds thy ſtate:
For if thou chance with ſuch to diſagree,
Thou canſt not them, but they may injure thee.

FAB. 80.

The Oxe *and* Goat.



PVrſu'd b' a *Lion*, th' *Oxe* his life to ſave.
Maketh his flight for ſhelter tow'rds a cave:

To whom the *Goat* an entrance doth denie,
And with her hornes withstands him enviouslie.
For which the angry *Oxe* with bellowing throat
Thus vents his threats against the shaggy *Goat*;
Though basely now thou dost oppose my slight,
Were the pursuing *Lion* out of sight,
Whose rage I shun, and therfore dare not stay,
My fury should inforce thee to give way;
But time will come, when I reveng'd of thee
Shall punish this thy abject scorn of me.

MORAL.

AS here the Goat not only aid denies;
But seemes to adde to th' Oxe, miseries:
So Men oft doe; but 'tis as often seene,
Times changing, that such have requited beene;
When those who were oppress, have rais'd their state,
And th' others fallen low as the worst of fate.

Fab. 81.

The Ape, *and her* young ones.



Jove calls the *Beasts*, and wills them all to ſtand
For cenſure which is faireſt; his command
They all obey; the watry *Fiſhes* too,
And *Birds* of th'aire to that aſſembly flew:
None abſent but the *Ape*; yet ſhe though late
Comes with her young ones; imitating ſtate
Of the moſt noble; but her antick geſts
Raiſe but a laughter among all the *Beaſts*,
To ſcoffe her naked Buttocks. Friends, no more,
Quoth the old *Ape*, I doubt not, but before
From hence we part, you all abaſh'd will ſtand,
When *Jove* to me and mine gives th'upper hand
For feature and rare forme: for in my ſight
None of you equall us, if *Jove* judge right;

At which a ſecond laughter roſe through all
The *Beaſts*; and *Iove* into like mirth did fall:
Replying, fooliſh *Ape*, this fond applauſe
Of thine own ſelfe deriſion from us drawes.
Hence then, and better learn thy ſelfe to know,
For who extoll themſelves, their folly ſhow.

The Morall.

Moſt think their own by nature faireſt are,
Which if with judgment t'others they compare,
Appeare but meane: 't will prove the ſafer then
To leave the cenſure to judicious men;
Leſt Ape-like *we, while our own ſelves we praiſe,*
The common ſcorn of every Jeſter *raiſe*

Fab. 82.
The Peacock *and* Crane.



THe gay-plum'd *Peacock* with a coy diſdaine
Slites the mean clothing of the longbeakt *Crane*
And tells her ſhee much of her ſtate did want,
And coſtly rayment; Quoth the *Crane*, I grant
Thy outſide's fairer; but what uſe I pray
Serve thy fine plumes for? Mine inforçe a way
Thorow the purer aire; when thou alone
Stalk'ſt on the earth for boyes to gaze upon.

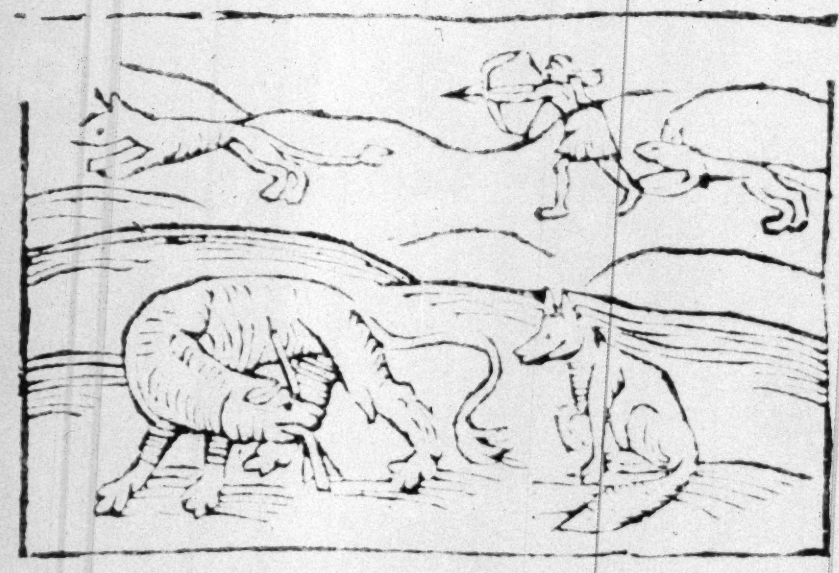
82.

The Morall.

DEſpiſe not thy Inferiours, becauſe they
Walke in a homely blacke, or country gray;
While thou art clad in ſilkes: Their Minds may be
Richer than all thy golden pedegree.

FAB. 88.

The Tiger *and* Foxe.



AN *Archer* wounding many *Beasts*, the fierce
And ravinous *Tiger* thinks no shaft can pierce
His speckled skin; and bids them no more feare,
He'd guard them safe from any danger neare;
Which scarsely spoke, the *Archer* him espide,
And lodg'd a deadly arrow in his side;
Whereat amaz'd, the *Tiger* 'gins to start,
And flying breaks in two the wounding Dart:
Whom the *Foxe* meeting in his flight, requests
That he would tell him, among all the *Beasts*,
Which gave him that sore wound; the *Tigre* cries
With fainting voice, his secret enemies
He not discern'd when he receiv'd the same,
But surely thought it from some *Archer* came.

The

The MORALL.

SOme rashly so with valour spurr'd, pursue
Their death, which policie would well eschew.

FAB. 84.

The Lion *and the* Foure Bulls.



FOure *Bulls* at pasture undisturbed feed,
By *Beasts* of prey, while they within the *Mead*
Together keep, nor did the *Lion* dare
Seise upon them; till they divided were,
And by his policie asunder lead;
Then one by one upon each single Head
He violently slew, and piece-meale tore
Those whom he durst not venture on before.

The MORAL.

NOthing's like Concord firm; but if they break
That knot, the strongest Kingdoms become weak.

Fab. 85.

The Tree *and the* Bush.



A Stately *Tree*; with tall aſpiring height
Swoln proud, begins a little *Buſh* to ſlight,
With theſe diſdainfull words, doſt thou not ſee
Deformed Shrub, my ſtate excelling thee,
How uſefull ſtill I am, and can ſupport
The ſtately Pallace of a Princes Court?
When uſeleſſe thou rejected ſtandſt; of none
Regarded, but to feed the fire alone?
This ſaid a Labourer with his keen bill
Hews down the *Tree*, the *Buſh* ſtood growing ſtill,
Who anſwers thus in ſcoffes, If this be all
Thy ſtate are *Tree*, ſo ſuddenly to fall,
I thank deme Nature, who hath made me low,
And after you to let me ſtand and grow.

The Morall.

Ambition here described by the Tree,
Shews how unconstant worldly honours be:
The Bush *declares a mean estate content*
Still with its owne, not t'envie others bent.
The Labourer *true justice, which plucks down*
Ambitious pride, ere to full height 'tis grown.

Fab. 86.

The Fisher *and the little* Fish.



AN *Angler* caught a small *Fish:* him the poore
And little Creature, sadly does implore,
That he would spare her life, since useleſſe she
Was not yet grown to full maturity

Of

Of yeares or greatneſſe; but if he would pleaſe
To let her taſt the pleaſure of the Seas,
And feed but for one yeare, ſhe willing then,
(Grown bigger) would return t' his Hook agen,
No, quoth the *Fiſher*, I will never buy
My hope at ſuch a rate; uncertainly,
To with hereafter, what I now poſſeſſe;
And ſo be mone mine own dull fooliſhneſſe.

The Morall.

THe Proverb ſaies, one Bird in hand
Is worth two, which in Buſhes ſtand.

Garrise Carr
May 7 1730

FAB. 87.

The Crow.



A *Crow* to quench her thirſt, ſeeks far and neere
For *Water*, but can find none any where,
Save what ith' bottome of a *Veſſell* lay,
Too deep to reach, which ſeen, ſhe did aſſay
To overthrow the *Veſſell*, but in vain
She ſtrove, and could not her deſire attain:
Who therfore now perceiving ſtrength to faile,
Reſolves to try if policie can prevaile;
And gathering many Pebbles, dropp'd them in,
Vntill the bubbling *Water* did begin
T' aſcend the top; and ſhe with eaſe obtain'd
That, which had from her reach reſtraind.

The MORALL.

FOrce *is not alwaies prevalent, but w..*
And policie oft times the Conqueſt get.

By that th' Epirian Scanderbeg *withstood*
The Turk, *and all his trebled multitude.*

Fab. 88.

The Oxe *and his* Keeper.



AN *Oxe* impatient to beare the Yoke,
Could not be tam'd, tho many a furious ſtroke
His Maſter ſent him oft; but in proud ſcornes
Would ſtill oppoſe his *Keeper* with his Hornes;
Who therefore cuts them off, in hope that way
To curb him, and his ſtubborneſſe allay,
But that prevail'd not; when the *Oxe* did feel
The want of Hornes, he finds as light a Heel,
Which, when his Maſter ſaw, that he could find
No meanes that might him to ſubjection bind,
He ſells him to the Slaughter; for Death can
Prevaile above the ſtrength of any Man.

The

THE MORALL.

REbellious Subjects, like the Oxe must be
Chastised so by powerfull Majesty.
And if in disobedience still they stand,
Feel the sharp rigour of the Lawes command.

FAB. 89.

The Satyre *and the* Man.



A *Satyre* (such for gods the Ancients held
To guard the *Woods*) within a Desart dwell'd,
And out of pitty to a Traveller gave
Kind entertainment; led him to his Cave,
And bids him welcome; where with cold the Man
Benumm'd, to blow his fingers ends began;

The *Satyre* asks the cauſe, the Man replies
His breath did cauſe a warmth thereon to riſe;
This paſt; the *Satyre* gives him pottage hot
And ſcalding, newly taken from the Pot,
Into the which, again the *Man* doth blow,
Of whom the *Satyre* asks, why he did ſo?
The *Man* replyes to coole them; canſt thou then
(Sayes the old *Satyre*) heat and cool agen
All with one breath; None ſhall remain with me
Within whoſe mouth is ſuch variety.

The Morall.

BY Breath is here expreſt a double tongue, (wrong.
That can ſpeak faire, when th' heart intends moſt
And to thy face though golden words it faigne,
Behind thy back will ſlander thee againe.

FAB. 90.

The Oxe *and* Rat.



AN *Oxe* the little *Rat* had ſpurnd,
For which the angry vermine turn'd,
And by the heele the *Oxe* did bite,
Toward her hole then takes her flight.
The *Oxe* purſues but cannot ſpie
The vermine, ſhe ſo cloſe did lie.
Whereat the *Rat* thus ſcoffes the great
And burly Beaſt; my friend retreat,
You vainly ſtay, I'm here ſecure,
And can thy hate or threats indure.
Learn therfore hence let me adviſe,
No more ſmall creatures to deſpiſe;
For now you ſee a little *Rat*
Can be reveng'd if kicked at.

The MORALL.

GRow not ſecure, becauſe you know
Your power ſtronger, than your foe,
For watchfull foes, though weake, may be
Revenged of an Enemie.

FAB. 91.

The Man *and* Gooſe.



ONe had a *Gooſe*, that every day
Egges of the pureſt gold did lay;
Yet not content with that, her lord
Thought ſhe more profit might afford,
And make him quickly rich if he
Should rip her, and poſſeſſed be

Of all her ſtore, not waiting ſtill
For ſingle Egges, as pleas'd her will
To bring them forth: which he effected;
But miſt the treaſure he expected.
For ſhe being dead the Egges were gone,
And in her panch he found not one;
But ſighs that he had loſt both ſtore,
And hopes of ever having more.

The MORALL.

VVOuld'ſt thou grow rich, then limit thy deſire
And ſtrive not in one moment to acquire
The ſumme of all thy hopes, leſt ſeeking all
Thou all do loſe, and into ruine fall.

FAB. 92
The Covetous *and* Envious man.



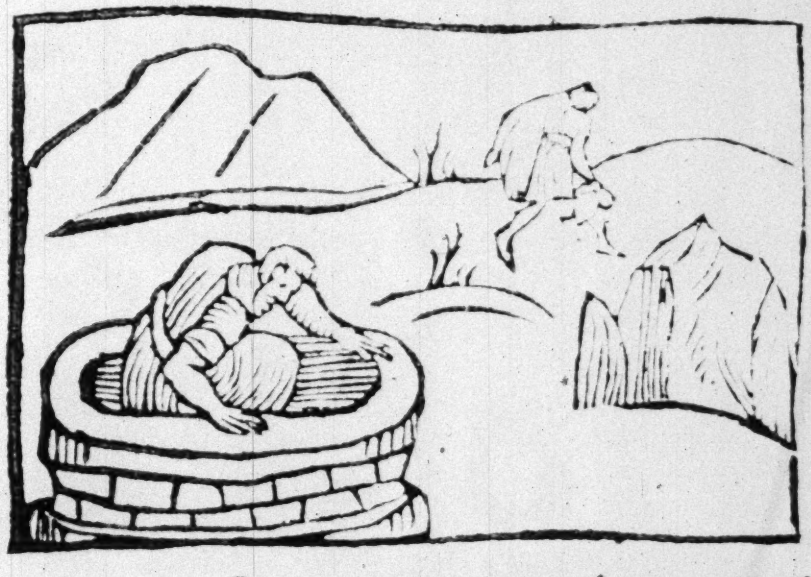
A Covetous and envious man require
Ioyntly that *Iove* would give them their desire.
Iove sends *Apollo* t'heare their suites, and grant
To each of them what may supply their want;
Who bids them speak the full of their demands,
And what the first ask'd, into th'others hands
Should doubly be restor'd: The *Covetous man*,
Whose boundlesse wish no treasure limit can,
Strives therefore to be last, by his delay
Hoping to beare a double summe away:
Apollo then commands the other speak,
Who willingly doth thus his silence break,
And of the *god* maliciously requests
To lose one eye, contented so to rest,
That th'other might lose both. A wretched mind
Would harm it self to make another blind!

The

The Morall.

WHat's more insatiate than the boundlesse mind
Of Vsurers to purchase wealth inclin'd?
Vnlesse by Envie equalliz'd: whose will
Would wound it selfe to work anothers Ill.

Fab. 93.
The Theefe *and* Boy.



AS a young *Boy* sate weeping by a Well,
A *Theefe* repaires to him, and bade him tell
The cause of his griefe; the crafty *Child*
Replies, Oh Sir, this Rope hath me beguil'd;
Which, when I thought to draw a pot of gold,
Too weak so great and rich a weight to hold,
Asunder broke; The *Theefe* beleeves the *Boy*
And leaving's Cloke descends the Well with joy:

But

FAB. 92
The Covetous *and* Envious man.



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Hoping to beare a double summe away:
Apollo then commands the other speak,
Who willingly doth thus his silence break,
And of the *god* maliciously requests
To lose one eye, contented so to rest,
That th'other might lose both. A wretched mind
Would harm it self to make another blind!

The

The MORALL.

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Of Vsurers to purchase wealth inclin'd?
Vnlesse by Envie equalliz'd: whose will
Would wound it selfe to work anothers Ill.

FAB. 93.
The Theefe *and* Boy.



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A *Theefe* repaires to him, and bade him tell
The causes of his griefe; the crafty *Child*
Replies, Oh Sir, this Rope hath me beguil'd;
Which, when I thought to draw a pot of gold,
Too weak so great and rich a weight to hold,
Asunder broke; The *Theefe* beleeves the *Boy*
And leaving's Cloke descends the Well with joy:

But

But finds no gold; his labour was as vain
As his desier of unlawfull gaine:
So back he comes, but neither could he find
The *Boy*, nor yet the Cloke he left behind;
For while the *Theefe* in hope to get a prey,
Went down, the *Boy* with it was fled away.

The MORALL.

SO craft oft times the Craftiest deceives,
And nets for Theeves in their own cunning weaves.

FAB. 94.
The Lion *and* Goat.



A *Lion* seeing on a Mountain steep
A shaggie *Goat* her safer mansion keep,
Above his reach, plots how he might betray,
Or bring her down, to make her so his prey;

And

And thus beginnes; Why fondling doſt thou feed
On barren rocks? theſe fruitfull Meadowes breed
More ſweet and pleaſant herbs for taſt or ſent,
And are more uſefull for thy nouriſhment,
When upon rocks grows none but witherd graſſe,
Scorched with heat. The *Goat* replies; Alaſſe,
Tis my ill hap: but here ſecure I live;
Nor to thy flatteries will credit give.
Should I come downe to feed one houre by thee,
I ſcarſely ſhould another minute ſee.

The MORALL.

LEt not faire words perſwade yee, till you know
The cauſes whence ſuch gilt tongu'd ſpeeches flow.
If well intended good deeds ſhall ſupply
Their place; if ill, malice and enmity.

Fab. 95.

The Ape *and her twins.*



AN *Ape* produced twins, and did affect
One dearly, but the other quite reject,
Whom as the Hunters one day did purſue,
While with all ſpeed ſhe from their preſence flew,
Within her pawes her darling cloſe ſhe kept,
The other on her back for ſafety leapt,
And hung there cloſe, not hindring her at all,
When follow'd hard, ſhe let her lov'd one fall;
(Not daring longer hold it, leſt, both they
And ſhe might to become the Hunters prey)
And that which ſhe leaſt affected, bore
With her away; when Hounds the other tore.

The Moral.

Too too indulgent Parents ſo
While they on one too tender grow

Too

Too nice an education takes
From th' hardneſſe of his youth, and makes
Him farre more ſubject to miſchances ſtand
Than thoſe they foſterd with leſſe cockring hand.

Fab. 96.

The Fox *and the* Leopard.



THe *Leopard* looking on his ſpotted skin,
Swels big with ſcornfull pride, and doth begin
All the wild beaſts to ſlight, the *Lyons* too
Deformed in his puff'd up fancie ſhew:
Whom the *Fox* meeting, counſells to lay by
That unbeſeeming pride, for outwardly,
Though faire he ſeem'd to be, yet he ſhould find
Others excell in vertues of the mind,
Which was the nobleſt treaſure, and will raiſe
To bliſſe, when all this earthly pomp decayes.

The

The MORALL.

AS th' health of bodie's more prefer'd than are
All guifts of Fortune, howsoever faire
So 'bove both these that health esteem'd should be
That keeps the mind and understanding free,
From apprehending fancies proud and vain,
Or other fond diseases of the brain.

FAB. 97.

CUPID *and the young* Man.



CVpid it seems had struck a young-mans love
As tow'rds a *Cat* he did affection move,
So strong; that the young Man to *Venus* flies,
And on his knees unto the Goddesse cries,

To

To heare his ſuit; and ſuddenly eſtrange
The *Cats* rough form, and her to Virgin change.
Venus conſents, and to the young Mans eye
The *Cat* was Metamorphos'd preſently:
So time appointed for their wedding was,
And all that day in joy and mirth did paſſe:
To bed they goe: but long they ſtayd not there,
When, like kind lovers as they ſporting were,
The Bride eſpies a *Mouſe*, leaps from her bed,
And, as when *Cat* ſhe was accuſtomed,
Purſues the Vermine, and forſaketh quite
All rights of love, or conjugall delight:
For which the Goddeſſe, angry, in diſdain
Transformes her to her ancient ſhape again.

The Moral.

THe Fable ſhowes how hardly wicked men
Their natures leave, and not return agen;
And that although their ſtates may alter, they
Retain ill manners to their dying day.

Fab. 98.

The Doctour *and his* Patient.



A *Doctour* having undertook to heale
A *Patients* diſeaſe, his pulſe doth feele;
And asks him how he far'd, the Man replies,
A burning heat ore all his body lies:
A ſigne of health the *Doctour* anſwers then,
So parts, and the next day returnes agen
Propounding the ſame queſtion? the ſick Man
Cries a cold humour through his body ran;
The *Doctour* likes that too: the third time he
Demands; but then his *Patient* mournfully
Anſwers, extremely weak; All this ſtill pleas'd
The *Doctour* well: But when of the diſeas'd
A friend more ſadly queſtion'd, how he ſped?
The ſick Man faintly to him anſwered,

He

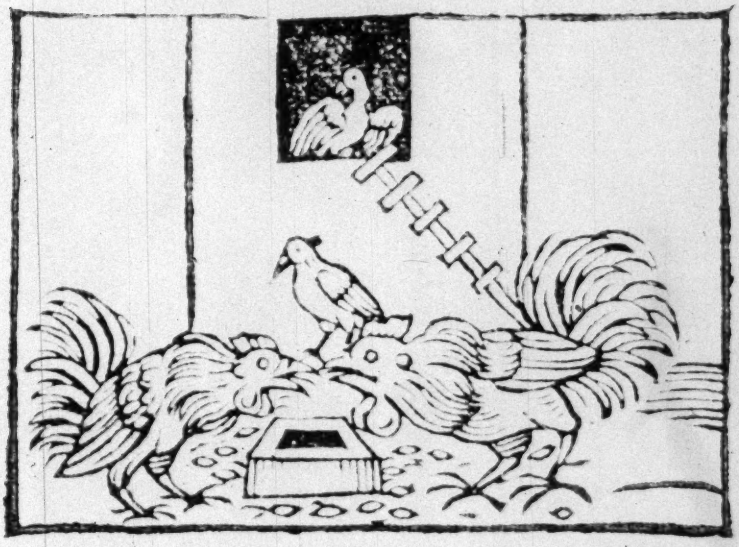
He ſhortly hop'd for health; ſince death his Cure
Had finiſh'd now: nor ſhould he more endure
The paines already paſt: which ſaid he dies,
And his friends celebrate his obſequies.

The MORALL.

HEre is expreſt ſimplicity of thoſe,
Who skill'd in nothing are, but outward ſhewes
Of ſeeming Art; And when they moſt profeſſe,
Know leaſt, to help or cure our diſtreſſe.

FAB. 99.

The Cocks *and the* Partridge.



ONe having a tame *Partridge*, let her feed
Among his *Cocks*, which ſuch a hate did breed

That the bold Birds would never let her rest,
But with their ſpurres did ſtrike and ſtill infeſt
The harmleſſe *Partridge*; who impatient beares
Their injuries, and wailes them with ſad teares,
The more, becauſe a ſtranger: but ere long
Diverting their fell hate from her, among
Themſelves the *Cocks* at variance fall, and turn
To mutuall diſcord: leaving then to mourn,
The *Partridge* cries, if 'twixt themſelves they be
So croſſe, I cannot blame their hate to me.

The Moral.

NO wrongs unto a wiſe Man ſhould appeare
Injurious, or hurtfull, when they are
Offerd by ſuch whoſe diſcords hourely riſe
Mutuall ſedition and domeſtick frayes.

FAB. 100.

The Fuller and the Collier.



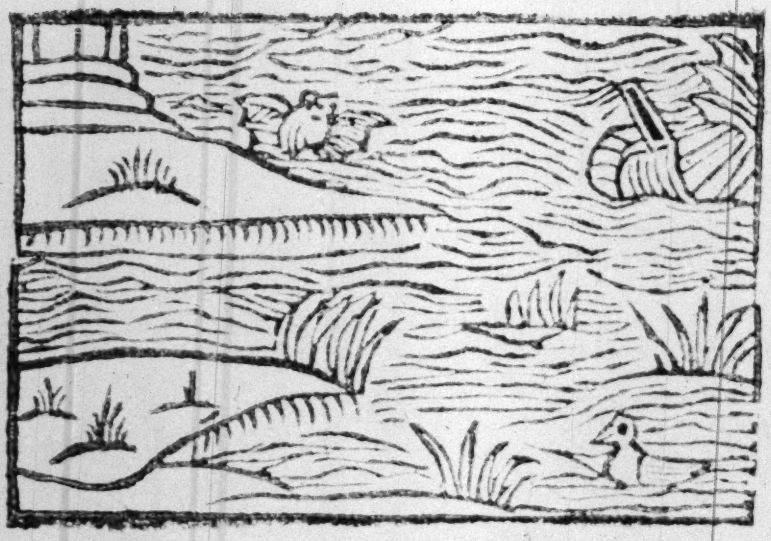
A *Collier* with a *Fuller* would agree
To live together, and companions be:
But the wise *fuller* answers No; should I
Consent, and with thee joyn a family;
Thy sooty Coales my whitened cloth would soyl,
And what I strive to purifie defile.

The MORALL.

AVoid deboist society, lest the shame
Of noted vice thy better deeds defame.

FAB. 110.

The Bush, the Bat and Cormorant.



THe *Bush*, the *Bat*, the *Cormorant* agree,
To joyne together, and will Merchants be;
The *Bush* provideth Clothes, the *Bat* doth lade
The Ship with silver, and the *Corm'rant* made
Brasse his adventure, so to Sea they go:
But a storm rising, tossed to and fro
Their roling Vessell, 'till the swelling Seas
Devoure both Ship and their Commodities.
Wherefore to save their lives, the Merchants flie
To th' land, to shun the Oceans tyrannie.
Being arriv'd, the *Cormorant* no more
Dating be seen, lurks closely by the shore.
Fearing her Creditours, the *Bat*, by night
(Forsaking day) dares only take her flight,

The

The *Bush* no longer daring to be seen
In its own clothing, or its wonted green;
Shakes off her leaves, that so unknown she may
Remain, t'her Creditors that passe that way.

The MORAL.

THe Cormorant, Bush, *and* Bat, *to us deserve*
The rashnesse of those men, who wilfully
Hazard their fortunes by attempting all
Their fancie prompts; and into ruine fall,
Scarsely escaping with their lives, when they,
Might have foreseen that eminent decay,
So to avoid, and not so headlong run
On danger; which approching, none can shun.

FAB. 102.

Juno *and the* Peacocke.



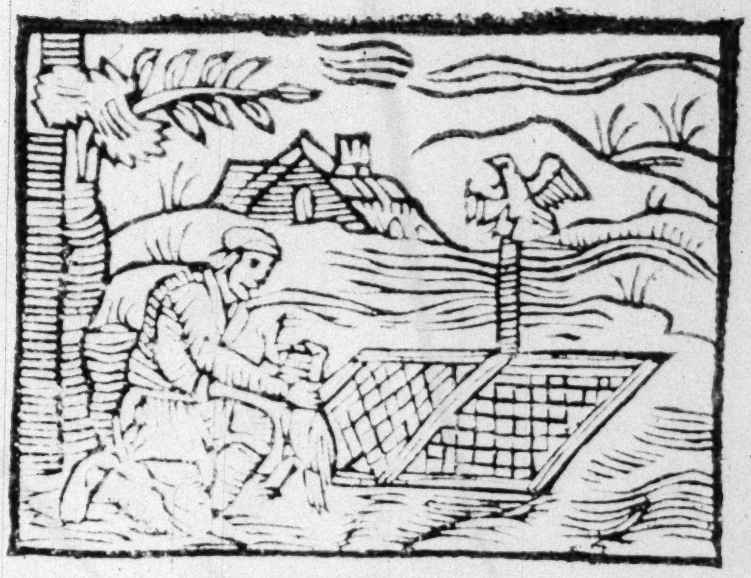
THe *Peacock* hearing the melodious straines
Of the sweet *Nightingale* sadly complaines
To *loves* great Sister, that her squeaking voice
Yeelded no sound, but a harsh hatefull noise;
Scorned by every man, while that small Bird
With ravishing Notes so much th' affection stirr'd
Of all her hearers, that they'd listning stand
To her tun'd song: his screaming was disdaind.
To whom thus *Iuno* answers; Hath not *Iove*
To thee giv'n stately feathers, farre above
The glor' of other Birds? then rest content;
As shee in voice excells, in ornamen
You her surpasse: And *Iupiter* bestowes
His sev'rall gifts, as from his pleasure flowes

The

The Moral.

Me enought not with crosse murmuring repine
Against the justice of the Pow'r Divine;
Nor envie others gifts: for none can be
Possest of ev'rything: but as we see
Some men' bove others unto honour rise,
In poorer men God that defect supplies.

Fab. 103.
The Fowler *and the* Black Owsell.



Placing his Nets, the Fowler is espy'd
By the black *Owsel*; which on ev'ry side
Viewing him round, demandeth of the man
What he intended there' or what began?

The *Fowler* answers, he resolv'd to lay
Foundation for a City: so away
Closely departs, to hide him from her sight,
Who being gone the *Owsell* takes his flight
To view the structure; catches at the bait,
Not mindfull of the *Fowlers* close deceit,
And with it is intrapt; whereat the man
To seise on the insnared *Owsell* ran,
Which thus cries out; Frind, if you often build
Such Cities, they few Citizens will yield.

The MORALL.

THis Fable *shewes, that greatest ruines rise*
In common-wealths, when private Enemies
With their familiar flatteries delude,
And seek t'insnare the easie Multitude.

Fab. 104.

The Travellers and the Asse.



THorough a Desart as two *Trav'lers* passe,
They chance to see a strange and stragling *Asse*
Without an owner: wherfore they contest
Between themselves who shall possesse the Beast;
They'l not be sharers; one of them alone
Vowes to be master of it all, or none.
And so to blowes they fall. The *Asse* perceives
The strife; and swiftly from them flying, leaves
The place where they contend: who being gone,
In stead of all, the wranglers purchac'd none.

The Morall.

THe Travellers *two wrangling neighbours are,*
Who for small trifles frivolously jarre;
With vain dissention and too oft debate,
Inriching some, themselves they ruinate.

Fab. 105.
The Stag *and* Horſe.



THe *Stag* and *Horſe* a ſingle combat fight;
The *Horſe* repulſt, is driv'n to open flight:
Wherfore to get his honour loſt again,
He humbly ſupplicates the help of man;
Who mounted on his back with ſpeare and ſhield,
His preſence makes the *Hart* forſake the field,
And fly amain: ſo he that was before
Vanquiſh'd, is now become a conqueror;
Yet not quite free; but as a ſubject ſtill
To Man, Man rides and rules him at his will.

The Moral.

AS here the Horſe *ſuppreſt his mightieſt foe,*
Yet ſtill a ſubjects ſtands; So thoſe that grow
To great eſtates; from anxious cares not free,
Live in an everlaſting ſlaverie.

Fab. 106.

The Cock, *the* Lion, *and the* Asse.



THe *Cocke* and *Asse* together feed;
Tow'rds whom a *Lion* making speed,
The *Cock* first sees him; and to warn
The *Asse* to shun ensuing harm,
He crowes aloud: at whose shrill voice
The *Lion* back retires (no noise
More terrifying him than that)
Which when the *Asse* perceiv'd; thereat
Insults, and thinks from him he flew:
Seeming with furie to pursue
The Lion: but ere farre th' had gone
Beyond the noise of *Cocks*; where none
Was present but the *Asse* and he,
The *Lion* longer scorns to flee.

But

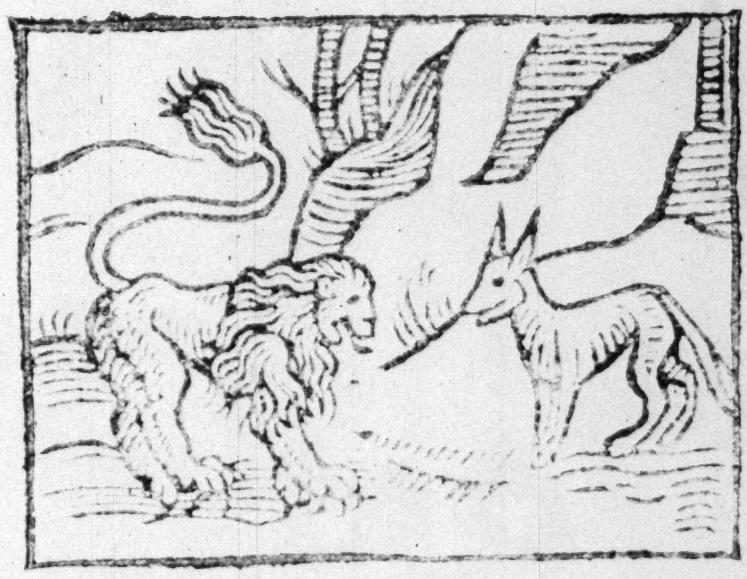
But turnes, and unreſiſted ſlew
The *Aſſe*, that did but now purſue.
Who thus laments, alaſſe, that I
Of cow'rdly parents born, muſt die!
Not able in this fatall ſtrife
Returne a ſtroke to ſave my life!
Nor when in ſafety feeding, flie,
But follow ſuch an enemie!

The MORALL.

AS ſottiſh Cow'rdiſe brands thee with diſgrace,
From equall enemies to turn thy face;
So proves it raſher folly, to purſue
A foe that politickly flies from you,
Till he have drawn thee under his command,
Where no reſiſtance can his force withſtand.

FAB. 107.

The Lion and Foxe.



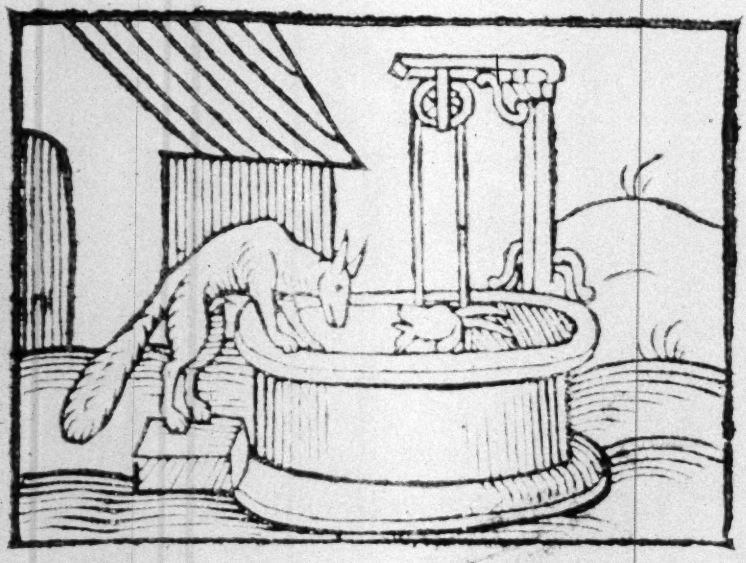
THe *Foxe* that never in his life before
Had ſeen a *Lion*, nor what awe he bore
In his dread countenance; at firſt diſmaid,
Durſt not approch him, ev'n to death afraid.
The ſecond time he meets him; whoſe fierce ſight
The trembling *Foxe* did in ſome meaſure fright,
But not ſo much as firſt: But when that he
The third time met him, his timidity
Quite ſhaken off, the *Foxe* was grown ſo bold,
That he durſt conference with the *Lion* hold.

The MORAL.

SO cuſtome makes men fearleſſe, and what were
Dreadfull before, become familiar,

Fab. 108.

The Foxe *and* Goat.



THe *Foxe* and *Goat* goe to a Well to drinke,
Which being so deep, that staying on the brink
They could not reach the water, they descend
Both in the Bucket, and obtain their end:
So having quench'd their thirst; when they desire
To wind the Bucket upward, and retire, (stand
Their strength and wit both fail'd them, that they
Doubtfull what course is best to take in hand.
But crafty *Reinard* (for the *Goat* too wise)
For his escape, this project did devise.
Willing the *Goat* himselfe upright to raise,
And 'gainst the wall his formost feet to place.
That so his body to full length extending,
The *Foxe* might on his shoulders straight ascending,

Get

Get forth and hale out him: they both agree;
And by this meanes, the *Foxe* gets libertie:
Which he no sooner had, but he derides
The silly *Goat*, who still i'th' Well abides,
Railing that *Reinard* had unjustly done,
To break his word, and leave him there alone:
Yet all his passion was but spent in vaine,
Only the *Foxe* retorteth thus againe:
My friend, did you but halfe that wisdome beare,
As in your face does gravity appeare:
By your long beard, you first would learn to shun
A danger ere you headlong on it run.

The MORALL.

CONsult before you undertake
A perillous attempt; or in the
Choice of a Friend: lest that bee
Working on thy facilitie,
To gaine his purpose, Fox-like scorne
And leave thee in distresse forlorn.

Fab. 109.

The Man *and the* Flea.



THe little *Flea*, whose only food
Is gain'd by sucking of the blood,
With eager thirst had seiz'd upon
Ones flesh, and stuck so fast thereon,
That ere escape by her was made,
The man his hand upon her laid;
And she his prisoner became.
The *Flea* affrighted at the same,
Intreats the man he would forgive
This first offence, and let her live,
Since she but little harm could do;
Besides by nature prone thereto:
To whom the man this answer gave;
By so much lesse ought I to save

Your life, as prone to miſchiefe, you
Can no deed of vertue ſhew;
But if your ſtrength could equallize
Your will, in hourely villanies
Would ſtill perſiſt: which to prevent,
Tis fit a ſudden puniſhment
Should cut you off, leſt other men
Receive like hurt from you agen.

The MORALL.

OR great or ſmall th' offence, the Pow'r of Law
And Juſtice with ſeverity muſt awe
Offenders, future miſchiefes to prevent;
Leſt by too frequent pardon, inſolent
Preſumptuous malefactors, fleſht in crimes,
With villanous examples fill the times.

Fab. 110.
The Wolfe *and* Kid.



A Tender *Kid* her Dam being by
To guard her from the tyranny
Of the insulting *Wolfe*, growes bold,
With him a conference to hold,
And with ill words the *Wolfe* upbraid.
To whom the *Wolfe* this answer made,
Fond *Kid* it is thy Guard and place,
Not thou that giv'st me this disgrace:
For know weak foole wert thou but here
Alone, and should'st to domineere,
My courage should suppresse thy vip'rous tongue
From utt'ring such insufferable Wrong.

The Moral.

THe Valiant so abuses take
From Cowards, nor resistance make
The place or presence of some other
Forcing them their ill words to smother.

FAB. III.

The Foxe *and the* Wolfe.



POore *Reinard* by unhappy fortune fell
Into the bottome of a dang'rous Well,
Fearfull of ſudden death: at length he ſpies
A *Wolfe* upon the brink, to whom he cries
With lamentable voice; Aſſiſt, deare frend,
My miſeries, ſome ſpeedy ſuccour lend,
And help me to a cord, that ſo I may
Eſcape with life, and I'l to thee repay
A thouſand thanks, and by engagement ſtand
Ready to act what thou ſhalt me command;
To whom the grieved *Wolfe* ſadly replies,
Alaſſe, poore *Foxe*, whence did thy ſorrowes riſe?
Tell me what dire miſchance, what ſudden fate
Lead thee thy fortunes thus to ruinate.

The half-drown'd *Foxe* makes answer; friend, no more
Stand to demand the reason, lest before
Our talk have end, my vitall parts expire,
And thou in vaine accomplish my desire.

The MORALL.

A sudden wound expells a sudden cure:
Nor will prolixity of time endure;
Lest, while prolong'd in tedious delay,
The slow Physician with fond questions play
Vpon the wounded Patient, vainly he
Produce a slight and triv'lous remedie.

FAB. 112.

The Cock *and the* Foxe.



THe rav'nous *Foxe*, that often did imbrue
His pawes in blood, and harmleſſe Pullen ſlew,
Is by the crafty *Countrey-man* inſnar'd
Within a trap to that intent prepar'd;
Whom the much wronged *Cock* perceiving, he
(Not daring elſe approch his enemie)
Drawes neere to *Reinard*; who with mild intreats,
(For need inforced him to lay by threats)
Begs of the *Cock* to help him to a knife,
And cut the cord, ſo to prolong his life,
Which now he fear'd to loſe; or elſe to prove
So faithfull to him, that he would not move
His maſters rage againſt him, but forbeare
Complaints, till he the cords aſunder teare

With his ſharp teeth; the *Cock* with gentle words,
And ſeeming ſmiles to th' *Foxes* will accords,
But inwardly reſolveth otherwiſe,
And with all ſpeed to call his Maſter flies;
Who joyfull at the newes, with equall haſt
Provides a club; ſo while the *Foxe* was faſt
To take revenge; at ſight of whom, the *Foxe*
Exclaimes at his credulity, the mocks
Of the deceitfull *Cock* to build on; when
He knew that wrongs would be return'd agen
By ſuch who had ſuſtain'd them; and requite
With loſſe of life thoſe who in blood delight.

The Morall.

'Tis ſottiſh folly credit to impoſe
Of ſecrecie upon profeſſed foes.

Fab. 113.

The Fowler, *the* Hawk, *and* Nightingale.



SWiftly a *Hawk* purſues the ſmall
And ſweetly ſinging *Nightingale*:
But before her prey ſhe made,
Is in a Net b' a *Fowler* ſtaid:
Whereat amaz'd, the *Hawk* began,
Whence ſprings this malice, envious man?
I here was bent to injure thee;
Why doſt thou then injurious flie
Thus me oppoſe? My only flight
Was to ſuppreſs my appetite.
A cuſtome frequent every day,
And moſt in uſe with Birds of prey:
If quoth the Man, your hate be ſo,
And 'gainſt ſmall Birds ſo potent grow;

That they for no offence must die,
Except to glut your cruelty:
The harme 'gainst them which you intend,
Oft falls upon your selves in th' end.

The MORALL.

ILl deeds have ill successe; and those who strive
B' unjust oppression others to deprive
Of life or fortunes; in the end receive
The like reward in the same plots they weave.

The end of ÆSOPS Fables.

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A *Description of the Birth, Shape, and Quality of* Æsop. Chap. 1.

Æsop *cleares an accusation falsely layd upon him by his fellow servant for eating the Figs.* Ch. 2.

How Æsop *was endued with perfect understanding, and the use of his tongue, by the Goddesse* Diana *For his kind and affable nature to her two* Priests. Ch. 3.

Æsop *the first time sold.* Ch. 4.

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Æsop *goes home with* Xanthus *to his Wife.* Ch. 7.

Æsop *resolves the Gardiner a question which* Xanthus *could not.* Ch. 8.

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Æsop *beares the Presents, which* Xanthus *commands to be delivered to her that lov'd him best.* Ch. 9.

Æsop (*by a witty invention*) *causeth* Xanthus *Wife to return againe.* Ch. 10.

Æsop, *commanded to buy the best Meat; serveth* Xanthus *at his Table with nothing but Tongues.* Ch. 11.

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Xanthus *commandeth* Æsop *to seeke a man that regardeth nothing.* Ch. 13.

Æsops *answer to the Iudge.* Ch. 14.

Xanthus *foolishly in his Cups made a bargain to drink all the water in the Sea; but* Æsop *wittily taught him how to dissolve the Wager.* Ch. 15.

Xanthus *his ingratitude to* Æsop. Ch. 16.

Æsop *waggishly discovereth the nakednesse of his Mistris.* Ch. 17.

Xanthus *commands* Æsop *to admit of none to enter at his gate, but wise men and Philosophers.* Ch. 18.

Æsop *finding the treasure,* Xanthus *proves ingratefull.* Ch. 19.

Æsop *is set at liberty.* Ch. 20.

Æsops *successfull Entertainment with the* Lydian King, *in the behalfe of the* Samians. Ch. 21.

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Æsop *unfolds all secrets whatsoever, and by his wisdome much inricheth the* Babylonian *King.* Ch. 23.

Æsop *commanded to be put to death upon* Enyus *his false*

false accusation, and how he is saved. Ch. 24.
Æsop *is brought before the King againe, and reobtains his former credit.* Ch. 25.
Æsops *mildnesse to* Ennus, *and* Ennus *his untimely death.* Ch. 26.
Æsop *resolves the former Question of the King of* Ægypt, *who had projected to build a Tower in the Aire.* Ch. 27.
Æsop *comes againe to* Babylon. Ch. 28.
Æsop *comming to* Delphos *is betraied, and relates the Fable of the* Rat *and the* Frog. Ch. 29.
Æsop *is led to execution, where he relateth the Fable of the* Countrey clowne; *and unjustly receiveth his death, being violently cast downe from a Rocke by the Executioner.* Ch. 30.

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The Countrey-man *and the* Snake. *f.* 7.
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